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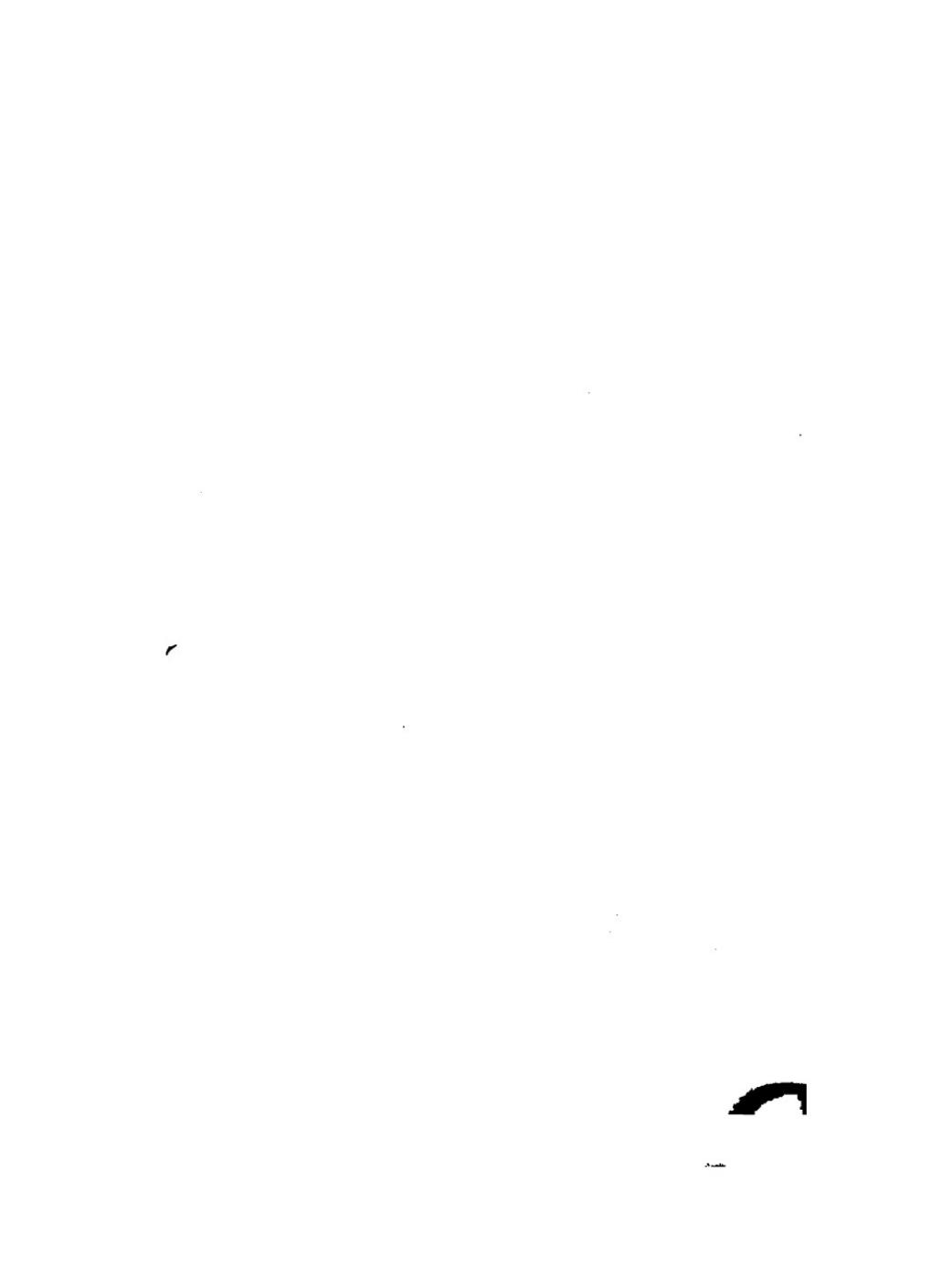
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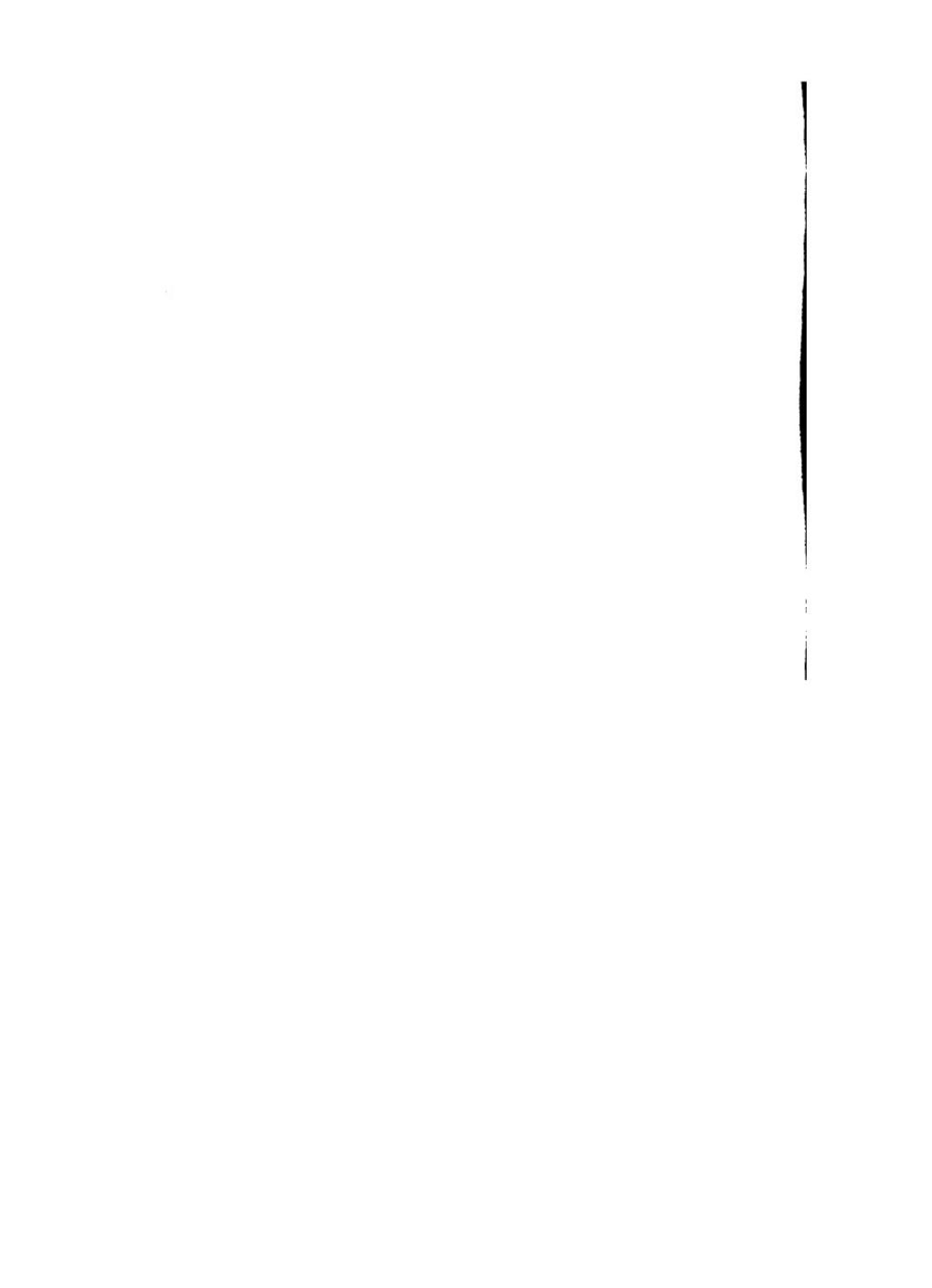


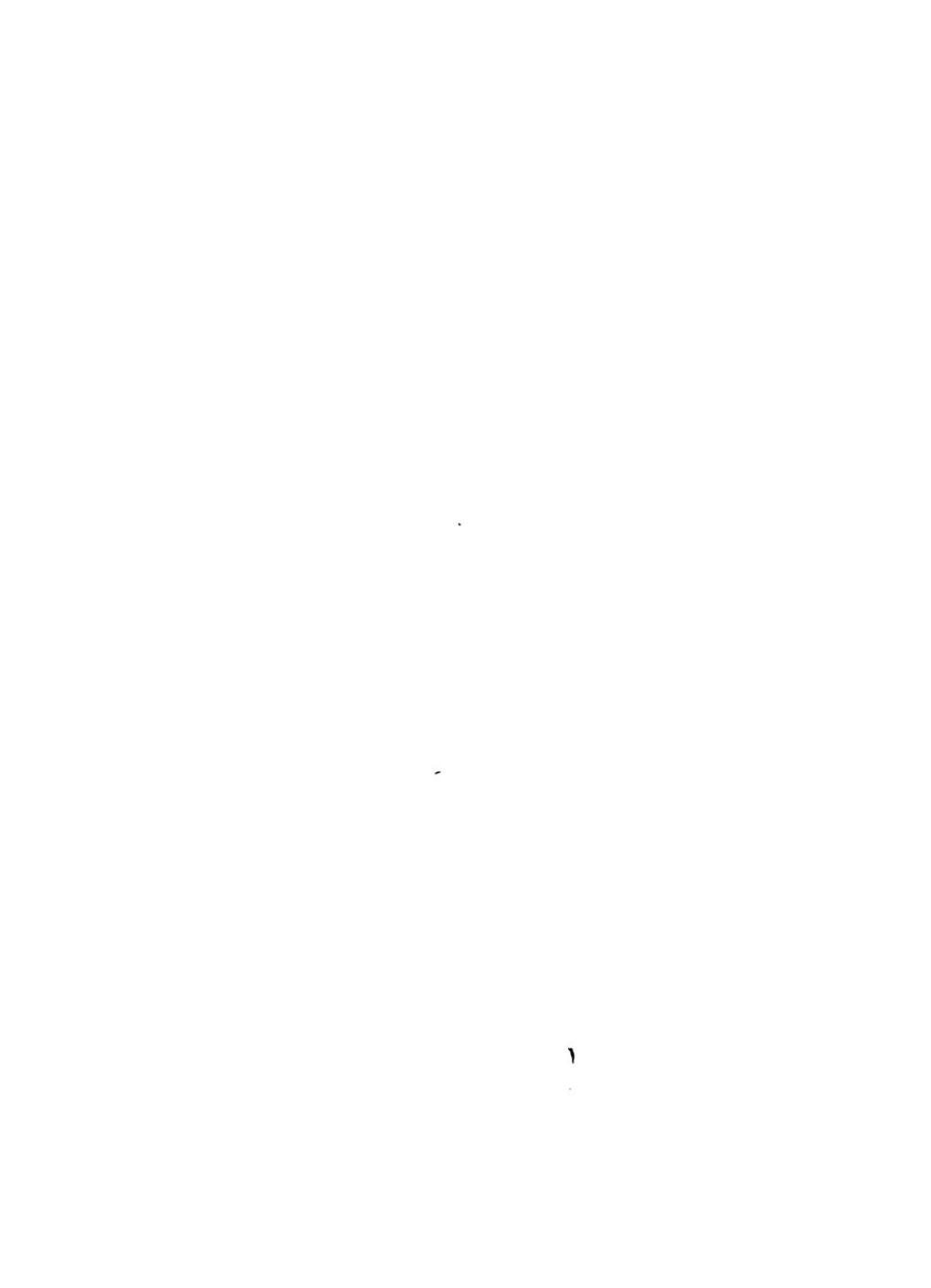
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Vol. III — No. 1

# *The Pathfinder*

JULY, 1908

A Modern Singer of the  
Things of Spirit

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT  
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OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE  
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## **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

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Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

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Remittances may be sent in stamps, but Money-Order is preferred.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

# THE PATHFINDER

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With the July number, 1908, THE PATHFINDER begins its third volume. During the year, a new series, *Old Wine to Drink*, by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Poe, etc.

THE PATHFINDER contains the following feature articles in Volume II:

1. *The Ballad of the Swineherd.* By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
2. *William Blake.* By EDWIN WILEY.
3. *William Blake.* (Concluded)
4. *Henry Timrod.* By G. L. SWIGGETT.
5. *The Passing of the Lion.* By JOHN G. NEIHARDT.
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# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

**T**IS planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodical of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg you cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

Vol. III]

JULY, 1908

[No. 1

## *WATERS OF SONG\**

By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Time was when Avon's unrenowned stream,  
Save for its beauty, unregarded flowed ;  
Once Avon even as other rivers glowed,  
For then it had not mirrored Dante's dream.  
How vague the gray Levantine sea did seem  
Ere Homer charted all the stormy road !  
The Psalmist who by Babylon abode  
Forever linked with grief the willow's gleam.

Think you there are no other waters fit  
To be rechristened with a poet's name ?  
Is Nature bankrupt ?—man's last beacon lit ?  
Believe it never ! Unborn bards such fame  
On undiscovered rivers may bestow  
As shall to fable banish Nile and Po.

\* Reprinted from *Poems*, published by the Century Co., with permission of the author.

*A MODERN SINGER OF THE THINGS  
OF SPIRIT*

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

"The age of great poetry is past!"

The man who first said that was no doubt addicted to the habit of reading modern criticism. The statement clings to us with that sort of tenacity notable in all popular fallacies. It has become almost a superstition with us. More than that, it is the catch-phrase of the would-be literary. Gaze far away as you say it, with a melancholy dying away of the voice, and you impress the average man as being a knowing individual. But you are wrong, nevertheless. You are wrong for the simple reason that the pessimist's vision is a very little vision. And so long as the sun burns, and the moon walks up and down the night, so long as snows blow, so long as green things come out in the spring and reach up; just so long you shall be wrong. Deny that love is still the moving force of the world, that we suffer and rejoice, that immortal longings haunt us in the quiet nights, if you wish to be consistent in your statement.

"But, look at the magazines!" you say, "was there ever such a flood of mediocre song?"

Never! You are quite right there; but that fact is merely an indirect refutation of your statement, dear pessimist! If all the toilers in the world should choose to sing ever so raucously at their work, would that in any way deny Nordica? We are a clever people; never before have talent and culture been so widely disseminated. What do you expect? This is the day of print. There are little empty spaces in the magazines to be filled up; and being a clever people, we not only make songs, but we get them printed in these little empty spaces.

And, after all, many of our little space-filers are not so bad. Worse has been done by the masters now and then, though this statement, to be sure, neither lowers the masters nor exalts our modern space-filers. But do you not often run across a poem in a magazine that has the trumpet-note in it—something that makes you know the writer held a great vision closely, if only for a moment?

"But" you say again, "there is only the personal, the minor strain. Someone suffers and cries 'Ouch,' or rejoices and shouts 'Bully.' We

no longer have the great songs; the far-sighted epic vision is lacking."

Partially, that is true. But you know we have a way of singing in steel and stone these days. We are busy just now putting our epics into skyscrapers and steamships and railroads and little things like that. Tesla is one of our never-to-be-vocal singers. And Edison? You see, just now we are so tremendously busy realizing the Ideal. When we finish that job, our giants shall begin to idealize the Real; and then you shall hear a singing that shall shake you up a bit, O Pessimist!

We have the Vision—never doubt that! Never before was the great Vision so universal. Even now give us the tang of powder smoke—give us a great unrighteous foe to crush—let us hear the whisper of the feet of fighting men passing down the night to dawn and victory! Then listen! These soft voices of ours that croon so prettily about roses and souls and woman-eyes! They shall be Titan voices—many of them! Oh yes, we have been a bit smug—and self-satisfied. But it is out of the calm that great storms burst. Just now we have the piping of meadow-larks in the hush of a summer noon. But by and by there shall be a

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thunder-gust! Do you not feel it in the air—hear the strange muffled mutterings of discontent?

"But" you say once more, "this is all vaporizing, mere enthusiasm. Name us one who is singing greatly now?"

One? It would be hard to stop at that. Read Woodberry for that one if you wish but one. And Moody? Nothing but the glamour of time is needed to make you read his *Fire-Bringer* and his *Death of Eve* with a sense of awe. You are perhaps too close to your purple peak!

And R. W. Gilder? Ridgeley Torrence? Edwin Robinson? Florence Wilkinson? Elsa Barker? Theodosia Garrison? Stringer? Carmann? Mackaye? VanDyke? Cawein? Sterling? You smile at some of these? But we are speaking of the Vision; and in a greater or less degree it is in the song of all of these. And many others have it also. Markham has it at least in his *Look into the Gulf*, Viereck in his *Three Sphinxes*, Service in his Yukon poem, and Erskine in his *Actæon*. We are not concerning ourselves so much about actual achievement as about the existence of the Great Vision among us. It is the vision without which the people perish; and as a people we are only beginning

to find ourselves. In the slums and on the prairies you feel it—the growing soul-consciousness of the masses. In spite of the fact that we are busy smashing ancient idols of orthodoxy, little by little we are beginning to feel that we have immortal spirits. And that is good for us—good for our future song. This is not the autumn of a nation, but the spring. We have not yet flowered; we have been putting out leaves.

Why be impatient? Can you not sense the big songs in all this rearing of towers, this conquering of distance, this piercing of mountains, this chaining of the sea? We are Titans busy furnishing a continent. Some of us sing at our labor, but the greater part of our song is dynamic in our hammer-strokes. By and by it shall be different!

Glance through Poole's Index, and I would wager my hope of immortality that somewhere in it even now you can read quiet names that are to be as the cries of kingly trumpets to posterity. It is a human trait to look back for the golden age. Men have always been doing it, even at a time when they were themselves building the golden age for the future people. Perhaps we look now too much to the labels on our

wine, whereas much of the virtue of the oldest vintage is merely in the sympathetic palate. The real poem is not printed—it is merely suggested in print. Your own soul has most to do with the making of a great poem. It is builded up within you.

And O you Poets with the little jealousies and misunderstandings that are unworthy of you! Can you not hear your brothers with your souls? What though the lesser singer merely touches his great Vision for a moment—shall you not love him for that? Your great poetic age is a generous age, an age of much giving, much believing, much loving. And the strength is in us for all of these.

Verily the Vision is still with us, and there is even now beautiful singing in the land. Here and there strong sweet voices are raised in quiet places. Not all of them grow up in the magazine world. Some of them are almost unknown to Poole.

One of these is Louis Vernon Ledoux.

Some two years ago I read this name for the first time—saw it on the title-page of a book of verse called *Songs from the Silent Land*. I never open a book of verse by an unkown singer without a certain breathlessness as of one

who is about to look upon a new wonder. It was so with this one.

I read along into the book with even pulse-beat. I felt something almost like disappointment. I had hoped for a great sunburst of glory. Here I found only a wan meditative moon gliding slowly up a quiet sky. I closed the book. "All is silver-gray here," I said. "This is not the singing of man, but spirit." Here and there, indeed, I had caught a faint echo of some far time when the spirit had known flesh, it seemed. But that time seemed all but utterly forgotten. The spirit sang of love; but I felt no passionate man-breath on my face as I read. Never could beautiful flesh take fire at these words. These seemed the words of a spirit to women of mist and moon-fires. I did not love these words—though I admired them.

A year later I saw the name again on the title-page of another book—"The Soul's Progress." "Good!" cried I, "this is promising! Perhaps our spirit of the moon-fires has come forth fleshed into the sunlight!"

I began with the Prologue—written in exquisite iambic pentameter, and addressed to the master, Woodberry.

The quest of Beauty through illusion's world,  
And Love, of Beauty born, that homing died—

Once more I found myself hungering for the human note in a world of abstractions. But I read on—rather carelessly—abandoning myself in advance to whatever might happen. “This verse rolls along smoothly” thought I; “but you must conquer me, my Poet! I am a bit against you just now! You must flash the vision before me. If you have loved, show me your heart that mine also may ache. If you have seen far, lift me to the summit of your far-seeing. Just now I doubt you!”

Suddenly I became aware that I was holding the book with a closer grip. Something was beginning to happen! Could even a spirit sing thus and say nothing? For the music of it flowed along like a river in flood; and I began to chant aloud :

‘Surely I stood erect, ere birth had bound  
My broken being to the wheel of change,  
And gazed clear-eyed on Beauty Absolute;  
For unappeasèd yearnings haunt my mind—  
Like love’s remembrance of a vanished face,  
And shadowy presences about me move  
Which brand me, lips and brow, with wands of fire  
That bearing Beauty’s signet through the world  
I no oblivion find, nor any peace.

Surely I stood erect and met her gaze;  
Her voice I heard — the speech was music's self.  
Ah then I recked not that a time would come,  
When, creeping prostrate through the dust of life,  
Back from the strange deformities of sense,  
My soul, inwinged, would breathe petition vain  
To hear the distant passing of her feet.'

I stopped chanting; the sadness that clings about immortal memories came upon me. And I knew that whatever he might have put into the balance of his book, this Louis V. Ledoux was a poet—one who had seen the Vision.

In this exquisite Prologue, Ledoux has struck the keynote of his genius—a passionate longing for the perfect things of spirit. To some it would seem indeed an unusual note to strike in this particular age. We have a superstition that we are intensely materialistic. The shallow newspaper critic, who thinks of his classics, if he thinks of them at all, as bugbears of his school-days, would classify Ledoux as "remote." The word is a good makeshift, and fits nicely into the gap of feeble understanding. But the things of spirit never have been and never shall be remote.

*The Soul's Progress* is a sequence, setting forth the development of the soul from the careless optimism of youth to that higher optimism

which grows only out of struggle and doubt. In the first part, the development in the realm of emotion is traced, and often a beautiful lyric note is struck. Readers of **THE PATHFINDER** no doubt remember *In Exile* which is incorporated in this part. Note this from *The Coming of Doubt*:

Then fal'tringly our thought was framed in speech,  
And all the hopes and all the dreams of youth  
We voiced in low yet fervent words; for each  
Was starting on the long life-search for truth,  
And each had seen a vision in the way,  
And each was young as eager-hearted May.

I cried: 'They say this glory soon must fade,  
For Life will seize us with relentless hand  
And screen the vivid light with folding shade;  
That all the realm of Beauty is a land  
Of dreams and visions doomed to pass away,  
And not God's prophecy of endless day.'

But through the twilight came her answer clear:  
'It can not be that this is all a dream!  
It is too wonderful and God is here.  
Yet should it prove a transient, fading gleam  
Before the dark, and hope be found a lie,  
I pray that dreaming ever, we may die!'

And this from *The Death of Youth*:

'Has Life naught else but these repulsive shapes,  
So seeming fair without,

So foul and false within? What soul escapes,  
Surrounded by such rout,  
From loss of Love and Gladness, Hope and Youth?  
Is Life but disillusion? evil, truth?

Then Youth grew faint among the ghastly forms,  
Which, mocking, pressed more near,  
And cried: 'Behold in us the naked norms  
Of Life; behold and fear,  
For nevermore shall Beauty's swift surprise  
Transform the world before thy startled eyes.'

'The law of Life' they shrieked, 'is bitter doom;  
And man must bear its yoke.'  
But Hope that sank through solitudes of gloom,  
In lingering anguish spoke:  
'I should not yet deny my early dream,  
Would one sure light amid Life's darkness gleam.'

A pause; and Hope, from ebb resurging, strove  
To see in Life some light;  
But still no ray of Beauty clove  
The universal night.  
In all the world I saw but strife and pride,  
With shams of faith; and Youth, despairing, died.

This is the voice of the as yet frustrate soul, "following wondering fires" through the quagmires of doubt and misunderstanding. But it is in *The Higher Optimism* that you begin to feel that unwavering trust which characterizes all real poetry in its supreme moments. A few extracts cannot give more than a hint of the effect of the whole; for Ledoux is more than anything else

a singing intellect, and his poetry is reason with the gift of wings:

High on a mountain where the rugged trees  
Clung sturdily, I heard the crooning breeze  
Whisper its silver-sounding slumber-song  
Among the cliffs, and o'er the valleys long,  
Where drowsy leaves were nodding dreamy-wise.  
I saw far up the deep eternal skies,  
The summer clouds which slumbrous steal athwart  
The sun, till ruffian clamorous winds distort  
Their shape and make them fade and pass—like men.  
The vision thrilled me; for my soul till then  
Had been throughout a stretch of darkened days,  
Bound in the thralling bondage of the ways  
Of cities where the clangor notes of strife,  
Discordant, voice our fever-fitful life.  
Into my soul the glowing Beauty crept,  
And stirred my senses which so long had slept,  
Callous and cold, as winter still and hoary—  
Till now the fair transcendent summer's glory  
Enwrapped my being like a lustral fire,  
And tuned me to such music as the choir  
Of clear-eyed angels chant in chorus there,  
Where perfect harmony is perfect prayer.  
And now my spirit's lyre, from silence long,  
By God's own fingers waked to sudden song,  
Breathed tremulous, through every eager string  
The very melodies the seraphs sing.  
I felt the love of God around me flow,—  
Changeless, effulgent, through me burn and glow,  
And seemed to 'rise above the things of earth,  
Pure as the moonbeams at the dawn's pale birth.  
Before my eyes, in vision were unrolled  
The scrolls of all the ages myriad-fold;

The gates of Life and Death were opened wide,  
That I might see the surging human tide,  
Instinct with hopes of Heaven and dread of Hell,  
Which, as its crested billows, breaking, fell,  
Cast, whirling up the crags of stolid Fate  
The scattered surf of mortal love and hate.

In the second part of the sequence, Ledoux gives without doubt, the fullest expression of his soul that he has yet given. This is a poem in blank verse called *The Course*. In it at once the Heart thinks, and the Brain sings. Step by step, with the precision of a perfectly controlled machine, yet with a steadily mounting music that masters you, this poem traces the various philosophies that have swayed the souls of men.

It is indeed a wonderful poem. To describe it would be to quote it entire. There is, it seems to me, only one portion of it which would be fair to quote alone, because of the thread of logic that binds the greater part of the poem. But here is a picture from it :

And once in later time, a rapture came —  
A trance of exaltation, unforseen.  
I sat in silence through a starry night,  
And watched the moon its golden radiance shed  
Across a river's darkly rolling tide,  
When suddenly the bonds of earth seemed loosed;  
I felt myself divided — soul from sense;  
    e baser part in swoon seemed laibeh in d —

I almost feared to look and see it there.  
The soul in sudden purity went out,—  
An exile seeking home. From earth it passed,  
Toward some far other clime of fairer skies ;  
But as an exile feeble, old, and worn  
With long vicissitude, who staggers on  
Until he sees the land of long desire,  
And stretches trembling hands to touch its earth,  
May fall at last before the boundary—  
My soul approached what seemed a dreamed-of home,  
And yearned to rest within its tranquil vales ;  
But found it walled with beetling cliffs around,  
With cliffs impassable and barriers strong,  
That baffle one weighed down with aught of earth,  
And yield to him alone an entrance who,  
Life's latest bonds unloosed, is simply soul.  
In vain I strove to reach the silent land ;  
The clinging earthly fetters held it back ;  
Past earth, and entering not to Heaven, it sank  
O'ercome. Then slowly usual life returned ;  
The differing parts to make the normal self  
Were interfused once more, and naught was left  
Of this experience but memory,  
And sheer exhaustion—body, soul, and mind.

In the purely lyrical note, Ledoux is generally less successful than in the longer, less passionate flight. But now and then, as in the poem *Loneliness*, you get at the heart of the man. You could seek long and fail to find anything more poignant than this :

Let me come back a little while  
In friendship's name,

To touch your hand, to see you smile,  
As when I came  
Each day and found your welcome still the same,  
Through younger, happier years, in friendship's name.

I do not ask for lavish June,  
With Spring full-grown,  
Nor yet for hopeful May; my boon  
Is this alone:  
To find one breath of Spring through Winter blown!  
Shall not love's death for all love's faults atone?

You cannot all forget how love,  
With wondering eyes  
But newly opened, looked above,  
Saw sudden skies,  
And gazed a moment, awed with vague surprise,  
Then reached a tiny hand for paradise.

. . . . .  
Alas, I cannot all forget  
How love that grew  
More wonderful each day, ere yet  
His childhood knew  
Its own omnipotence, swift lightning slew,  
And left this void immensity; can you?

I ask not much;—but leave to sit  
With you again,  
Beside a fire your hands have lit,  
And hear the rain  
Outside, or watch with you how hill and plain  
In morning brighten. Must I ask in vain?

Let me come back awhile,  
In friendship's name,

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To touch your hand, to see your smile,  
As when I came  
With love that smouldered toward a birth of flame,  
Through younger, happier years, in friendship's name.

As one who believes that the ancient founts of inspiration have not failed us, I am grateful for Louis V. Ledoux, a priest of Beauty. I always close his books with this thought: Here is a white soul brooding in a calm.

Doubtless the time shall come when two lines of his poem, *The Course*, shall bear about them the new dignity of a prophecy fulfilled:

I strove to bring some joy to careworn men,  
And turn their haunted eyes toward restful truth.



#### *NEW WINE*

*By WARWICK JAMES PRICE*

When you hear it said that "The good die young,"  
And therefore doubt if it pays to be good,  
Remember that truth, since the world was begun,  
*Is* truth, though often misunderstood.  
The secret held here, for instance, is told  
In this:—that good folks never grow old.

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*MORTALS, IMMORTALS, AND THE  
HALL OF FAME*

*By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY*

What, besides death, renders one eligible to a niche in the Hall of Fame? Why, gentle arbiters, in the name of the educated, appreciative people of America, has not Edgar Allan Poe run the gantlet of your criticism? I fancy I hear a deep chorus of voices answering in unison—"Because he was an immoral sot!" The shade of the great poet whispers "*Mea culpa!*" and we who plead his cause agree likewise, because such is the simple truth. But what has that to do with his fame as a writer, and what is that that it should bar him from the honored company where he should be to-day? Are the guardians of the Hall of Fame a band of Pharisees, thanking God they are not as other people? Have they never read in a certain Book the immortal words "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone?" I would not dare assert there was even one among them who had ever been besotted, but have they that abounding charity and warm human love which is broad

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enough and brave enough to recognize genius, even though it be dimmed by the ruby draught of death? How puerile and petty it appears to coldly reject a fellowman who has climbed through mire, and blood, and tears, and pain—and remorse to heights which few, if any, of those who sit in judgment on him will ever reach.

It would be idle to dwell upon the man's work ; on his powerful tales, on the compelling, weird charm of his poetry.

Is it not shame enough that a nation over seas had to tell us that we had an immortal among us? Shall we deepen our ignominy by closing the doors of the Hall of Fame in his face? France knew he was a poet first. Now England knows he was a poet, and the greater part of America believes it too. Not a rhymester ; not a limerick-writer, but one who drained his very soul of its hidden sweetness, and sang his matchless lines with a fervent heart beat in every one.

Have we so many of like genius who have passed on that we can lightly discard this one—this one with his spirit in the clouds and his poor human feet laboring through the mud of a dreadful appetite? He was not a hypocrite, of all

things living the most loathsome. He drank without trying to cloak it. But O, in Justice's name! what has a weakness of the flesh to do with the priceless and glorious heritage which he gave us, who are giving him stones in return!

### The Electors for the Hall of Fame!

"The times are out of joint; O cursèd spite!  
That *these* were ever born to set them right!"



### *THE CHOICE*

*By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

Give me for color-pageant morning's gold,  
And sunset's vermeil flush;  
And for the lover-longing unconsoled  
The nocturnes of the thrush!

Give me the lulling burden of the breeze  
For dreams and sweet repose!  
Give me for fond and fragrant memories  
The ashes of the rose!

## Recent Publications

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G. H. LORIMER.—*Jack Spurlock—Prodigal.* Jack Spurlock, one of the best created types out of American life of to-day, is too well known to need comment. The novel-reader who has not yet read of him has a great treat in store. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

H. A. MITCHELL KEAYS.—*The Road to Damascus.* Strong situations, clever dialogue, well-drawn characters and a fine sense of human obligations characterize this problem novel, wherein the ever-present problem mars in nowise the well-told story. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1907.

ESTHER and LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.—*The Coast of Chance.* An absorbing tale concerned with the recovery of the Chatworth ring, the heirloom of an old English family, that is stolen at a private auction in San Francisco. A lady and a ring, the playthings of fortune, a gentleman-thief and a thief-gentleman, these are but a few things from the whirl of mystery in this interesting novel. Illustrated by Underwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.—Translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Hannele*. Earlier prepared for the stage, the reading public will now welcome gladly this excellent version of the fine dramatic dream poem of the great German dramatist. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

MARY E. BURT.—*Prose Every Child Should Know.* The title is significant; every reader will approve it. The author's excellent selections from Homer to present-day writers is the result of a long and careful consideration of the things that have a vital meaning for children. Decorated from photographs. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

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**JOSIAH ROYCE.**—*The Philosophy of Loyalty*. Professor Royce has a philosophy of life, consistently developed and in harmony with the experiences of life, individual as well as institutional. The seemingly new implication that he gives to loyalty, the pivotal virtue, reconciles admirably the many contradictory phases in American life of to-day. Few books of this kind are so easy to read or so timely. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

**T. W. SURETTE and D. G. MASON.**—*The Appreciation of Music*. A helpful and suggestive book to the lover of music who would know enough of the technique of music to have the higher intellectual pleasure in the hearing of it. One ought to know something of music, however, in order to read this book with the greatest profit. It is a guide to the intelligent appreciation of the evolution of musical art from the folk-song to Beethoven. The book is profusely illustrated with examples for analysis from the composers treated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

**A. C. BENSON.**—*The Schoolmaster*. An educational treatise that is real literature. The American teacher, public or private, can take to his enduring profit and that of his charge as well, the wholesome suggestions of this wholesome teacher. Fathers should know this book and should seek for their sons the teacher who is akin to Benson's schoolmaster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

**CLAYTON HAMILTON.**—*Materials and Methods of Fiction*. How to read fiction intelligently and with discriminating taste, is the purpose of this book. It is also a suggestive book to the writer of fiction. The evolution, kind, structure and making of the novel is discussed in it with interesting illustrations. The book is furnished with an Introduction by Professor Brander Matthews. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

## American Familiar Verse VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ

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— POE (1809-1849)

Vol. III — No. 2

# *The Pathfinder*

AUGUST, 1908

## The Romance of the Milky Way

By EVALEEN STEIN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE  
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Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

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Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

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# THE PATHFINDER

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*REPRINT FROM CHANNING* (*Back Cover Page*)

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*This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.*

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

**T**IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

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Vol. III ]

AUGUST, 1908

[ No. 2

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## *NOON-TIDE*

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

As in some old and simple village street,  
Where all day long the lazy shadows lean,  
And the soft sunshine sifting in between  
Makes golden all the road-side at my feet,  
Where overhead the arching branches meet  
Holding me close with walls of cloistered green,  
Where scents come homeward meadow-lade and keen,  
And ways are homely, and the long hours sweet.

So ever at a moment's thought of you  
Amid this moil, I seem again to stand  
In an old lane where we were wont to pass—  
Afar the hum of bees is wafted through,  
The sleepy pastures smile on either hand,  
And life lies dreaming in the tangled grass.

---

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the July *Pathfinder*, on this page, read "Arno" for "Avon" in third line of *Waters of Song*.

*THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY*  
*INTRODUCTION\**

Among the many charming festivals celebrated by Old Japan, the most romantic was the festival of Tanabata-Sama, the Weaving-Lady of the Milky Way. . . .

To understand the romance of this old festival, you must know the legend of those astral divinities to whom offerings used to be made, even by the Imperial Household, on the seventh day of the seventh month. The legend is Chinese. This is the Japanese popular version of it:

The great god of the firmament had a lovely daughter, Tanabata-tsume, who passed her days in weaving garments for her august parent. She rejoiced in her work, and thought that there was no greater pleasure than the pleasure of weaving. But one day, as she sat before her loom at the door of her heavenly dwelling, she saw a handsome peasant lad pass by, leading an ox, and she fell in love with him. Her august father, divining her secret wish, gave her the youth for

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\* Introduction reprinted, by courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., from *The Romance of the Milky Way* by Lafcadio Hearn. Verse renderings (not before published) by Evaleen Stein from literal translations by Mr. Hearn.

a husband. But the wedded lovers became too fond of each other, and neglected their duty to the god of the firmament; the sound of the shuttle was no longer heard, and the ox wandered, unheeded, over the plains of heaven. Therefore the great god was displeased, and he separated the pair. They were sentenced to live thereafter apart, with the Celestial River between them; but it was permitted them to see each other once a year, on the seventh night of the seventh moon. On that night—providing the skies be clear—the birds of heaven make, with their bodies and wings, a bridge over the stream; and by means of that bridge the lovers can meet. But if there be rain, the River of Heaven rises, and becomes so wide that the bridge cannot be formed. So the husband and wife cannot always meet, even on the seventh night of the seventh month; it may happen, by reason of bad weather, that they cannot meet for three or four years at a time. But their love remains immortally young and eternally patient.

To ancient Chinese fancy, the Milky Way was a luminous river,—the River of Heaven—the Silver Stream. It has been stated by Western writers that Tanabata, the Weaving-Lady, is a star in Lyra; and the Herdsman, her beloved, a

star in Aquila, on the opposite side of the galaxy. . . . .

The moon of the seventh month used to be called *Tanabata-tsuki*, or "The Moon of Tanabata." And it was also called *Fumi-tsuki*, or "The Literary Moon," because during the seventh month poems were everywhere composed in praise of the Celestial Lovers. . . . .

I think that my readers ought to be interested in the following selection of ancient Japanese poems, treating of the Tanabata legend. All are from the *Manyoshu*. The *Manyoshu*, or "Gathering of a Myriad Leaves," is a vast collection of poems composed before the middle of the eighth century. It was compiled by Imperial order, and completed early in the ninth century. . . . .

As for the forty-odd *tanka* which I have translated, their chief attraction lies, I think, in what they reveal to us of the human nature of their authors. Tanababa-tsume still represents for us the Japanese wife, worshipfully loving;—Hikoboshi appears to us with none of the luminosity of the god, but as the young Japanese husband of the sixth or seventh century, before Chinese ethical convention had begun to exercise its restraints upon life and literature.

Also these poems interest us by their expression of the early feeling for natural beauty. In them we find the scenery and the seasons of Japan transported to the Blue Plain of High Heaven;—the Celestial Stream with its rapids and shallows, its sudden risings and clamorings within its stony bed, and its water-grasses bending in the autumn wind, might well be the Kamogwa;—and the mists that haunt its shores are the very mists of Arashiyama. The boat of Hikoboshi, impelled by a single oar working upon a wooden peg, is not yet obsolete; and at many a country ferry you may still see the *hiki-fune* in which Tanabata-tsume prayed her husband to cross in a night of storm,—a flat broad barge pulled over the river by cables. And maids and wives still sit at their doors in country villages, on pleasant autumn days, to weave as Tanabata-tsume wove for the sake of her lord and lover.

It will be observed that, in most of these verses, it is not the wife who dutifully crosses the Celestial River to meet her husband, but the husband who rows over the stream to meet the wife; and there is no reference to the Bridge of Birds.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

---

*THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY\**

By EVALKEN STEIN

*Hikoboshi—*

O'er Heaven's Stream the careless wind  
 May always freely come and go ;  
 Nor any barrier do they find,  
 The snow-white clouds that hither blow ;  
 But from my Heart's-Desire, alas,  
 No word to me may ever pass !

A pebble to the farther side  
 Of Heaven's River I could fling ;  
 So small the waters that divide  
 And waste our hearts with sorrowing !  
 Yet must we yearn and weep in vain,  
 Hopeless, till Autumn comes again !

*Tanabata—*

By the tall river-grass, I know  
 The waters of the Heavenly tide  
 Not greatly risen in their flow ;  
 Yet though so near the farther side,  
 To meet my Love there is no way  
 Save on the one appointed day !

*Hikoboshi—*

That soft white cloud by Autumn winds  
 So swiftly driven, can it be

---

\* In dealing with Mr. Hearn's literal translations of the Japanese stanzas, I have, in a few cases, very slightly paraphrased them in order to meet the requirements of English verse. I have also taken the liberty of arranging these little poems written by many different authors, so as to follow consecutively the legend Mr. Hearn so charmingly relates for us.

EVALKEN STEIN.

That Tanabata sweet unbinds  
 Her snowy scarf to signal me?  
 Oh winds of Autumn, hither blow!  
 Or cloud, or scarf, I fain would know!

*Tanabata—*

While sadly waiting, all alone,  
 A flower-white silken stuff I wove;  
 And now, this evening, I have sewn  
 A fair new garment for my Love.  
 Ah, Heaven's River, why delay  
 My dear Lord's coming, day by day?

*Hikoboshi—*

The cloth, with woven flowers o'erlaid,  
 That Tanabata patiently  
 Within her starry dwelling made,  
 I think that, even now, for me  
 She fashions it into a white  
 Soft silken robe for my delight.

Though I, a Star-God, freely pass  
 Through all the vast sky, to and fro,  
 Across the Heavenly Stream, alas,  
 Save once a year, I cannot go!  
 And even then, if storm betide,  
 Upon its waves no boat can ride!

*Tanabata—*

When veiled in vapoury amethyst  
 The autumn comes o'er Heaven's Stream,  
 Then, wandering through the fragrant mist,  
 Of thee, Beloved One, I dream.  
 Oh many, many, for thy sake,  
 The nights wherein I long and wake!

*Hikoboshi*—

When I behold the water-grass  
     Of Heaven's River bending low  
     Beneath the Autumn winds that pass,  
         Ah then I know, Ah then I know  
     The longed-for time draws on apace,  
         O Love, to meet thee face to face !

*Tanabata*—

The Autumn wind rose in the sky ;  
     And, hearing it, that very day  
     For Heaven's River shallows I  
         With eager haste set forth straightway.  
     O birds, tell Hikoboshi dear  
         That I am waiting for him here !

*Hikoboshi*—

On the Celestial stream my boat  
     Is launched and ready ; yet, ah me,  
     Across the waves I may not float  
         Until the time the God's decree !  
     I pray you tell my Lotus Flower  
         Impatiently I wait that hour !

From that far age august wherein  
     He reigned, God-of-Eight-Thousand-Spe:  
     Only in secret has she been  
         My Well-Beloved through the years ;  
     But now, my constant longing known,  
         Men learn at last she is mine own.

While Tanabata slumbers on  
     Beside the stream, winds, do not stir  
     Her long, white sleeves ! until the dawn,  
         O storks, do not awaken her !

---

Let not your loud resounding cries  
 From out the river shallows rise!

So near she is, her long white sleeve  
 And starry robe are plainly seen;  
 Yet vainly still I wait and grieve,  
 For Heaven's river flows between!  
 There is no way to reach her side  
 Till night shall bear me o'er the tide!

*Tanabata*—

Though fine, small rain-drops hid from me  
 The Heavenly Stream, yet here all day  
 I waited for my Lord; till, see!  
 My robe is drenched with mist and spray!  
 Night falls; yet from the farther shore  
 I hear no sound of any oar!

Is it because so high and wide  
 And swift the Heavenly waters flow,  
 No boat can float upon the tide?  
 Alas, alas, would I could know!  
 The night advances, dark and drear,  
 And Hikoboshi is not here!

Though from my Love has come no word,  
 A sudden tremor stirs me;—Hark!  
 Was it a rower that I heard?  
 The splash of oars borne through the dark?  
 Ah, is it but some yearning dream?  
 Or does my Lord come o'er the stream?

*Hikoboshi*—

Though dark and high the waters run,  
 I must cross quickly, ere the night  
 Grows late; for my Beloved One,

My Tanabata, starry bright,  
 Awaits me on the farther shore;  
 Swifter, Oh boatman, ply the oar!

*Tanabata—*

On Heaven's River, sounding from  
 The ferry, faintly I can hear  
 Theplash of waters;—does he come?  
 Does my long-dreamed-of Lord draw near?  
 O heart of me, look! look! and tell  
 Is that his boat on yonder swell?  
 Borne on the wind now, loud and clear,  
 Theplash of oars is plainly heard;  
 More musical the sound and dear  
 To me than song of any bird;  
 For in that boat, may it not be  
 That Hikoboshi comes to me?  
 O ferryman, speed, speed across!  
 The Heavenly River quickly pass!  
 The time thou takest is my loss,  
 My loss and my dear Love's, alas!  
 For my beloved Lord can come  
 But once a year to this his home!

*Hikoboshi—*

While dreaming side by side tonight  
 With my most fair Beloved One,  
 Her own dear arms for my delight,  
 Entwined with mine to rest upon,  
 O let no sound disturb us! though  
 The day should dawn, cock, do not crow!

*Tanabata—*

The longing love of one whole year  
 Must end when night again shall pass;

Though Hikoboshi lingers near,  
Divided must we live, alas!  
And from tomorrow, as before,  
Still must I pine a twelve-month more!

He comes at last! my Wished-for One!  
Whose boat upon the starry tide,  
I waited long by moon and sun;  
Now soon he will be by my side.  
Lonely I sorrowed all the year;  
But now the hour supreme draws near.

From the first day I felt again  
The Autumn wind blow chillingly,  
I said unto myself, "Ah when  
Will my Beloved come to me?  
But now my Heart's Desire at last  
Has come! O Time, speed not so fast!"

*Hikoboshi*—

But once a year, Aye, even so,  
The seventh month, the seventh night,  
To meet the longed-for One! and lo,  
The day has dawned, O Heart's-Delight!  
Nor told the rapture of our love!  
Still unexpressed the joy thereof!

When we were parted,—well-a-day!—  
So little had I seen my Love,  
And dimly as the moths that stray  
By night some lotus flower above!  
Now must I sorrow, as before,  
A whole year ere I see her more!

*Tanabata*—

Though for a myriad ages we  
Were hand in hand and face to face,

Our love exceeding could not be  
Exhausted of its least, sweet grace!  
Then why, ah why does Heaven decree  
To part us thus so cruelly?

*Hikoboshi*—

From ages of Celestial strife  
When earth and Heaven parted were,  
She has been my Beloved Wife,  
Yet I must live apart from her!  
Still, year by year, I wait and yearn  
Until the Autumn's slow return.

Though like the foam waves of the sea,  
Five hundred layers of white cloud  
Hide my Beloved one from me  
And all her starry dwelling shroud,  
Not less, each night, though fate divides,  
I'll, yearning, gaze where she abides.

*VELASQUEZ**By GEORGE B. ROSE*

Velasquez is the greatest of all realists. But his realism is entirely different from that of the Dutch. They love their homely scenes and their homely people, and paint them lovingly. Velasquez's attitude is one of absolute detachment. No touch of his brush betrays admiration or affection. He looks at his subject with the clear, cold eye of a scientist watching an experiment, bent alone on ascertaining the truth. A realist has been defined as a man who, with a natural gift for science, has turned to art; and to no one is that definition so strictly applicable as to Velasquez.

He is one of the great masters of the brush. His figures live before us, standing firmly on their feet and surrounded by atmosphere. The illusion of reality is almost perfect, and it seems to have been attained with great economy of means. But the secret of his technique has defied the scrutiny of all succeeding artists. They see what he does, but how he does it is beyond their ken. When one of his court of flatterers said to Whistler, "There are only two

great painters, you and Velasquez," the latter replied with his accustomed impudence, "Why drag in Velasquez?" But the fact is that Whistler, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Chase and all the other painters who seek to learn the secret of Velasquez's power and to imitate his workmanship are mere pygmies playing around the feet of a giant. Mr. Sargent and Mr. Chase would be the first to admit this. What Whistler really thought about anything was hard to discover beneath the mask of his persiflage.

It is only at Madrid that one can fully realize the greatness of Velasquez. Yet I confess that when I first entered the Prado it was not he, but Goya, who struck me most among the Spaniards. This was due partly to the fact that I had seen many worthy Velasquezs in other galleries, so that I was prepared for him; while the brilliancy, the dash and the bright colors of Goya struck me with all the force of a surprise. But as I returned day after day the strength and sincerity of Velasquez's work grew upon me while Goya's seemed each day a little more artificial, a little less sincere, until when I left I realized that the one was a great master, the other an immensely clever prestidigitateur of the brush.

---

Yet despite Velasquez's greatness, the array of pictures which he presents to us is perhaps the most unattractive in all the range of art. The men and women whom the Dutch artists paint are usually ugly, but their homely faces are made attractive by an expression of honesty and kindness. We recognize that they are good people, who love their homes, their families and their country, people with whom one can live comfortably and on whom one can rely. In all Velasquez's vast gallery there is hardly a face that one could love. He painted mostly the royal family, which was in the last stages of decadence and was about to become extinct through sheer degeneracy. And he painted them exactly as they were, without the slightest attempt to flatter—men with dull eyes, sodden, lifeless features, and flesh that is little better than putty. Even his children are not attractive, poor little things that have always been imprisoned in the preposterous court dress of the period and have never known what it was to romp in the sunshine. And when he leaves the family of his rulers, it is to give us some hideous dwarf, or the hateful features of the Prime Minister, Olivares, or some truculent pirate like Admiral Pareja.

---

He seems to have had no love of beauty. Spain is a land of beautiful women, women with rounded and voluptuous forms, regular features and great, languishing eyes that must be the despair of all the houris in Mahomet's paradise. Yet Velasquez gives us none of these. One would think that, weary of the ugliness of his royal masters, he would have painted in secret, for his own gratification, some of the lovely women of whom Madrid must have been full then, as it is to-day. But no. He painted a number of works that were not intended as portraits; but the types are vulgar and commonplace; and it is evident that he has been content to reproduce without idealization the features of any hired model that came to hand.

The Inquisition ruined not only Spain, but her art. It forbade all representations of the nude, and without the study of the nude, art languishes as surely as medicine without the study of anatomy. Even Raphael's purest Madonnas were drawn from the nude, as is attested by many surviving sketches. This paralyzing effect of the prohibition of the nude is well shown in a recent powerful novel by Blasco Ibañez, *La Maja Desnuda*, where the artist's genius is crushed by the jealousy of his

wife, who has inherited the spirit of the Inquisition. And so, save in the case of Velasquez, Spanish art was never strongly vital. And how he won his vitality is in part revealed by the wonderful *Venus* that hangs now in the National Gallery at London. It is only a nude woman lying with her back to the spectator and her face reflected in a mirror. It is not a perfect form nor a very handsome face; but how marvelously it is painted! how real it is! above all, how modern! It is hard to believe that it was not hung for the first time in last year's Salon. But if it were hung there, it would make the other nudes look like daubs. How Velasquez managed to evade the all-seeing eyes of the Inquisition while he painted this, we do not know; but we are thankful that he did.

A man ought not to be reproached for the defects of his qualities, and if Velasquez had been content to confine himself to his proper domain of the real, no one could have complained. But at times he undertakes to invade the realm of the ideal, and then his failure is complete. His *Bacchus* is a drunken boor, his *Mars* a commonplace man with a helmet, his *Forge of Vulcan* a lot of village blacksmiths. His religious pictures, too, are without elevation.

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Take, for example, the *Christ Bound to a Column* in the British National Gallery. The Christ is only a Spanish peasant who has been flogged ; the angel is only a common Spanish woman with wings. To this rule, however, there is one exception—his *Christ on the Cross*, truly a beautiful and a pitiful figure, worthy to hang beside Albert Dürer's wonderful little masterpiece at Dresden.

This incapacity for idealization, this want of sympathy with his figures, this strange aloofness, prevents Velasquez's reaching the very highest possibilities of portraiture. He could not paint a portrait like Titian's marvelous *Charles V on Horseback at the Battle of Mühlberg*, which hangs in the same gallery, where, despite the small stature and unpleasant features of the Emperor, there is a sense of truly epic grandeur and a realization of the greatness of the imperial power, such as could be evoked only by a supreme imagination ; and imagination was denied to Velasquez by the fairy who heaped upon him so many other gifts.

## Recent Publications

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ARLO BATES.—*The Intoxicated Ghost and Other Stories.* These nine well-written and entertaining short stories evince a high degree of creative imagination and a fine sense of humor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.—*Villa Rubein.* To one of the Brontë family this would be merely the skeleton of a novel, but the gift of this novelist enables him to vitalize this struggle of a poor Tyrolese peasant painter for the hand of an English maid, the scene of which is laid at Bozen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

HAROLD MACGRATH.—*The Lure of the Mask.* A tale of intrigue, the scene of which is laid largely in Italy. Not so good a plot as in *The Man on the Box*, but much stronger in some other respects. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.—*The Greater Love.* A mother sins and pays the price. An old story, an old theme, but the setting and manner of this novel show in the new combinations and suggested motives, the true gift of the story-teller. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1908.

MAURICE HEWLET.—*Halfway House.* In this novel of modern English life the writer achieves another success in the field of fiction. Different as it is from earlier work, in manner and content it reveals the same charm as *Little Novels of Italy* and *Forest Lovers*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

CHARLES R. HORNE.—*The Technique of the Novel.* The evolution of fiction as a literary art and a rational basis for the appreciation of it. The essential elements are discussed with clear insight, and the kinds of fiction and their development traced with well-selected illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1908.

---

OLIVER KEMP.—*Wilderness Homes*. Not every man can live in one of these attractive cabin homes, but every man who reads this delightful book will desire to do so; and the end is the same. It gives a new value to life. Beautifully illustrated. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1908.

GEORGE HENRY MILES.—*Christine and Other Poems*. These narrative poems reveal genuine epic imagination. A certain weakness of line is forgotten in the breadth of vision and the warm imagery. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1908.

FREDERIC HARRISON.—*National and Social Problems*. A series of addresses in the writer's earnest manner that have unity in a common theme and his condemnation of governments that play the game of politics in favor of the privileged classes, in utter disregard of higher patriotism and a noble love of mankind. The creed of an honest searcher after truth applied to political and economic problems. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.—*Russia's Message*. Profoundly, sympathetic but with insight and scholarly fairness, the author has written a book of absorbing interest which he rightly calls the first act in Russia's drama of progressive social and political life, with a message, simple and direct to herself and the world. The value of the book is enhanced through its illustrations of Russian leaders and life. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

JOHN MACY.—*Edgar Allan Poe*. The inclusion of Poe in the Beacon Biographies indicates editorial breadth of vision. The *Life* itself is treated in the spirit of unprejudiced appreciation, with a straight-forward presenting of facts. The little volume contains a frontispiece portrait, a calendar of important dates, and a brief bibliography. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1907.

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*Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.*

## MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

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Vol. III — No. 3

# *The Pathfinder*

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SEPTEMBER, 1908

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## Poems

*By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD*

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### *RECENT PUBLICATIONS*

*REPRINT FROM CARLYLE*   *(Back Cover Page)*

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

**T**HIS is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodical of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

Vol. III ]

SEPTEMBER, 1908

[ No. 3

## *A DEDICATION\**

(For *Fragments of Empedocles in English Verse.*)

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

In my last winter by Atlantic seas,  
How often, when the long day's task was through,  
I found in nights of friendliness with you  
The quiet corner of the scholar's ease,  
While you explored the Orphic liturgies,  
Or old Pythagoras' mystic One and Two,  
Or heartened me with Plato's larger view,  
Or the world-epic of Empedocles :

It cost you little ; but such things as these,  
When man goes inland following his star,  
When man goes inland where the strangers are,  
Build him a house of goodly memories :  
So take this book in token, and rejoice  
That I am richer having heard your voice.

---

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The range and quality in the poems selected from the forthcoming *Poems and Sonnets, Second Series*, of Mr. Leonard, of the English department, University of Wisconsin, are such that no introduction is needed. In them one finds the same "intellectual quality, calm indignation and sonorous simplicity of expression" which the cultured English critic, Mr. Arthur Symons, found in the *First Series*. Few of our younger poets have greater promise.

*POEMS**By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD**ISRAEL*

(Written for the New Immigrants' Protective League)

Singer of hymns, by Sinai who adored  
The Fire, the Trumpet, the eternal Law;  
Builder of temples, from Zion's hill who saw  
Dawn smite the heathen with Jehovah's sword;  
Exiled of nations, long for no reward  
Keeping thy Sabbaths and thy Feasts with awe;  
Victor of sorrows on a bed of straw,  
Come unto us, O Israel of the Lord!

Here, past the Gentile seas, the stars by name  
Shine with the Ages' welcome; here anew  
Thy rainbow towers; here the mountains wait.—  
Come, and then fill us with thine holy flame!—  
We have a word to speak, a work to do,  
If once, like thine, our soul be consecrate.

*PRA YER*

From land to land I watch my brothers pray:  
Now kneels the Mussulman in Cairo street;  
By Zion's wall the wailing Hebrews meet;  
The Buddhist turns his wheel in Mandalay;  
In Rome St. Peter's incense floats away  
In plangent music to the Judgment Seat;  
I hear New York her litanies repeat  
By Sabbath seas for sins of yesterday.

I cannot join; although I have my grief,  
 My sin, in fellowship with great and small,  
 I know not of their helplessness and fear;  
 But let me go, as went the Indian chief,  
 To some high hill, where God is all in all,  
 And simply say: "Wacondah—I am here."

---

*IL BEN DELL' INTELLETTO*

One evening wrought upon by loneliness  
 And brooding over many things that were—  
 My mountains and the hermit thrush and *her*  
 And years since then in cities of distress—  
 I visited in quest of mirthfulness  
 In crystal parlors, where on tiger skin  
 Stood with her white arm on her violin  
 A lady ever radiant to bless. . . .

But in the starlight on my still return:  
 "Though in my chamber but a taper burn,  
 Yet there the deathless music of the dead—  
 "Not thus," I thought, "my good I find, not thus,  
 Who saw the Titan bound by Aeschylus  
 And touched the iron crown on Dante's head."

---

*FRAGMENT*

And I am gone among the mighty dead,  
 And Vergil brings me myrtle for my head,  
 And Shelley leads me to the central fire;

But up and down the earth by moor and main  
 The evening scatters in the rust and rain  
 The unplucked roses of the dawn's desire.

---

*THE IDEAL*

(FROM DU BELLAY)

If this our life be briefer than a morn  
In the eternal, and the years drive hence  
The unreturning days without defense,  
And perishable be all things ever born,  
What weenest, soul, imprisoned and forlorn?—  
In these bleak regions where were joy and whence—  
When for thy voyaging to the bright Intense  
Thou hast the wings, the lovely, the unshorn!

There is the good which each good man desires,  
The rest to which the unresting world aspires,  
The lyric love that wipeth every tear;  
And there the soul before the great white throne  
The immortal beauty shall behold and own,  
Whose voice and shadow it had worshipped here.

---

*THE SCULPTOR*

I wrought unaided, save  
By wind and wood and wave,  
And night and Mars the red,  
And poets dead.

No man from sun to sun,  
Seeing me, said, "Well done;"  
No woman smiled and chose  
For me a rose.

But thus my arm at length  
Did win a silent strength—  
Thus here the statue stands  
For all the lands.

---

*RONDEAU*

*Du temps que j'étais belle:* I dreamed of late  
That you were old, Marie, and by the grate,  
With book and eyelids closed, you said the rhymes  
That took you back to Paris and the chimes  
Of Montmorenci and the garden gate.

How old, how old, Marie: my lady sate  
As wan and withered as the eldest Fate,  
And crooned, "He sang to me in other times —  
*Du temps que j'étais belle.*"

And when I woke, I woke no more in hate:  
I heard the oriole singing to his mate,  
I saw the plumed castanias and limes,  
And morn's horizon binding all the climes,  
And knew no words of death more desolate —  
*Du temps que j'étais belle.*

*TINY THINGS OF SUMMER*

Bumble bees with velvet tails  
Down the rose's belly;  
Butterflies, like tilted sails,  
On the calla lily;

Hornets round the brambly cocks  
Buzzing in the meadow;  
Spiders by the mouldered rocks  
Swinging in the shadow;

Dragon-flies, with films that flush  
Like a little iris;  
Grasshoppers on reed and rush  
Old as old Osiris;

Caterpillars on a twig  
Soft as pussy willows;  
Beetles in the sand who dig  
By the brooklet's billows;

Water-bugs that down the pool  
Zigzag into harbor;  
Fireflies amid the cool  
Vines along the arbor;

All ye tiny things that spawn  
For the world about you,  
When the summer time is gone  
We must do without you.

---

### *THE SUNDIAL*

*"Horas non numero nisi serenas."*

A lord and lady set me here  
Within their summer garden;  
But they are dead for many a year  
With all the mirth of Arden,  
With all the mirth and gallant worth  
That was the House of Arden.

I rest upon the marble cone  
That long the ivy covers,  
And where the ringdove used to moan  
Wild bee or sunbird hovers,  
And down the pathway all alone  
By night come spectral lovers.

The marble basin now is sere,  
Where foamed the carven fountain;  
And toad and beetle, brown and queer,

Have found it good to haunt in,  
But past the willows by the weir  
Still looms the moorland mountain.

And touched are Arden Abbey walls  
With some unnamed disaster,  
And bit by bit the sandstone falls  
From buttress and pilaster;  
And wierd, when sunset lights the halls,  
Dance elf-lute, guest and master—

When down the roofless halls the sky  
Gleams red through empty arches,  
The shadows seem to flit and fly  
In minuets and marches—  
And Arden church is yonder by  
The yellow yews and larches.

And on my disk the locusts leap,  
The bronze is green and broken,  
The snails they come and climb and creep,  
And leave their slimy token—  
Yet somewhere men their harvest reap,  
And somewhere words are spoken.

And still by night I dream of stars,  
And still by day of flowers,  
And still I wait the vanished Lars  
And the eternal Powers,  
And mark for me, though no man see,  
Only the sunny hours.

---

#### *VENUS GENETRIX*

From earth's two easts, where suns forever rise  
In winter, in summer, in two divided skies,  
Unto the two wests, and through realms between—

Oceans and landscapes of the white and green —  
*Pourer of wine and whirler of the flame,*  
*Venus Genetrix, hallowed be thy name !*

Somewhere the deer on Iran's blue plateau  
Bounds through the grass and takes the wildered  
doe ;  
The orioles coasting north from Yucatan  
Met in Canadian elms when spring began ;  
The purple fishes off Bermuda's shore  
Beget their mottled thousands evermore :  
The wild things of the land, the air, the sea,  
Venus Genetrix, all have life from thee !

And man and woman, though hall or hut their place,  
Meet in the night and found a mighty race !  
And the old ritual of the flame and wine  
Precedes the building of each tower and shrine,  
Cities with masted ships and battling hosts,  
Farms on the hills and beacons on the coasts ;  
Precedes no less, eternal and supreme,  
The hero's victory and the Poet's dream :  
All that man is and all he hopes to be,  
Venus Genetrix, has its life from thee !

Then if with freedom and a high intent  
We still would laugh beneath the firmament,  
Then if with freedom and a splendid verse  
We still would magnify the universe,  
Of all its powers, for glory, scope, design,  
Venus Genetrix, what shall equal thine ?  
O like Lucretius, girt to compass all  
The broad creation to the flaming wall,  
Let us first raise a pæan of the free,  
Venus Genetrix, mother of life, to thee !

*FROM "HATE SONNETS OF A SCHOLAR"*

## PREFATORY

Let no man carve upon my monument,  
 Thinking to honor what he loved of me,  
 When I shall rest: "He had no enemy"—  
 O not to this, believe me, was I sent;  
 Even as I labor with my own intent  
 For sun and stars and earth's security,  
 I get myself good haters—let them be:  
 Carve not this slander on my monument.

"Nay," but I seem to hear my friends protest,  
 Who, though for me still ready to combat,  
 Are often given to untimely jest,  
 "We, who have known the breed you're railing at  
 And found you most yourself when angriest,  
 Will spare you any pleasantry like that."

## MEIN TISCHGENOSSE

That head close-cropped as bowl or cannon-ball,  
 The snub-nose and the smirk of a mustache,  
 The puffy cheek, seamed with a villain gash  
 Got in a duel with a corporal,  
 That speckled vest, the ring upon the small  
 Left finger, where the ruby used to flash,  
 That air of "ladies-I-possess-the-cash,"  
 That tone of "gentlemen-I-know-it-all"—  
 My long lost enemy!—O how we'd glare  
 Across the table in the dear old days,  
 When cherries ripened in the German air,  
 And through the window shone the summer haze,  
 While Fraeulein Emma sat between us there  
 And served demurely *Leberwurst* and *Kaes'*.

---

*THE EDITOR*

I met you first, when once for livelihood  
I roamed Broadway, a vagrant from the boat,  
A song of life for sale within my coat,  
My soul on fire for all things large and good;  
And there before your desk of walnut wood  
With wide-spread shanks you smoked your pipe  
and wrote

One of those quips the smart set love to quote,  
And looking round leered at me where I stood,  
A dreamer and a lover. . . . I marked your beard,  
Frizzled and brown, your cold gray eyes, the tone  
That meant "I rate men merely as the herd  
May serve my turn — what is it?" As one reared  
Among the mountains, conscious of mine own,  
I bowed and went my ways without a word.

---

*IN COLLEGE DAYS*

Twelve years ago. And can hate work so long,  
Through seasons of so many a star and flower,  
So many a mountain day and ocean hour,  
So many friends who gave me song for song?  
Twelve years ago. Though life with splendors  
throng,  
That youth of sallow skin and visage sour—  
My first encounter with the evil power—  
Is still the slanderer who did me wrong.

Yet my old hate is but the poet's hate  
Even for the ideal villain of the mind—  
The mind alert forever to create  
Its perfect type from every form it find—  
The man himself could enter at my gate  
Like any stranger with his dog behind.

*EPILOGUE*

Reading my words, where stands incorporate  
For good or ill—as rough-hewn marble bust  
With shadow sprawling in the workshop's dust—  
Each solid visage of the souls I hate,  
Whom next (I asked myself) to contemplate,  
From sombre memories of old disgust?  
But these were all; and beautiful and just  
Rose in the soul of me my good and great.

Indeed, what men and women have I known  
In my long journeys for the truth of things!  
What sweet musicians and what bards full-grown,  
What sturdy husbandmen at harvestings!—  
And city by city with a voice its own  
Hailing the sunrise and the King of Kings!

*LILITH AND EVE*

*By JAMES BRANNIN*

Lilith, the subtle-soft,  
Is mother of all who sleep;  
Eve, of the wingèd soul,  
Is mother of those that weep.

Lilith to Adam was sweet,  
Sweet as the wild-rose flower;  
And Eve brought shame and sin  
And the stricken heart for dower.

And ever with silent eyes  
Wander the sons of sleep;  
And ever with souls of fire,  
Eve's children love and weep.

*IK MARVEL**By JULIAN PARK*

A definitive edition of "Ik Marvel" at last! Simultaneously with the publication of a new edition of Henry James, the publishers are putting forth, it may be as an anti-climax, the fifteen volumes that stand to the credit of Donald Grant Mitchell, and a handsome set it is. It was my privilege to come across a specially autographed copy; there, struggling across the page, ran the signature of an old, old man, not an even writer, not always a scholarly writer: far from immortal, but yet the dean of American letters.

"Ik Marvel," with Howells and Mark Twain, is the oldest, as he is the last, of the old guard. Contemporaneously with Irving's *Sketch Book* appeared the first book by this young man of twenty-three, with title of *Fresh Gleanings: or, A Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe*. It was the old story, the impressionable young writer had to describe his first trip abroad or feel that his literary career had not begun under the proper auspices. But with that off his mind, "Ik Marvel" felt free to devote himself to that natural and unrestricted life of which

Thoreau is popularly considered the most strenuous devotee.

In 1841 Mitchell had graduated from Yale, and ten years afterward bought a farm near New Haven, the name of which has become a household word in connection with whatever is peculiar intimate and personal in American letters. Written from Edgewood, *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* speedily took their place with the *Autocrat*, with *Walden*, with those few books in our literature which are firmly grounded in the sympathies of generations. That the *Reveries* has really been what its sub-title called it, "a book of the heart," is the testimony of the surest witness, time. And the additional verdict has been that the half-century at the beginning of which this book alone established Mitchell in his place, has been filled with a succession of volumes of very much the same essential qualities—human sympathy, healthy and manly sentiment in the best sense of a much abused word, and a growing ripeness of thought and scholarship.

What, then, is the nature of this work—is it all dreamy and sentimental? Much of it, to be sure, is sentiment, but that it is purely manly and wholesome is proved by the fact that Mitchell's appeal is primarily to young men, even though

they may be hardly able to appreciate the finer qualities of his works. These finer qualities, indeed, it requires no small amount of culture to appreciate, and when you find a true Marvelian you may depend on also finding a foundation of good reading and culture, and a development of the literary sense.

One reason why Mitchell is admired, and, one may say, loved by the young is because he is really the champion of young manhood, the true laureate of youth. He asserts the right of youth to be young, and even to be foolish—as the old count foolishness; just as the old have the right to be old and to be wise—as the old count wisdom. The reveries of his old school days are filled with such bits of homely philosophy as this: “A scholar by the name of Tom Belton, who wore linsey gray, made a dam across the little brook by the school, and whittled out a saw-mill that actually sawed: he had genius. I expected to see him before now at the head of American mechanics, but I learn with pain that he is keeping a grocery store.”

That was sixty years ago, you remember, and when a Connecticut farmer jotted down such an observation, and did not seem to care much whether it stood in proper relation to passages of

meaning hidden in mazes of deep thinking, or in the next paragraph to this piece of description—"Above me are sailing clouds, or the blue vault which we call, with childish licence, heaven; the sails, white and full, like helping friends, are pushing me on"—when, we say a young writer was as careless of proportion as that, there was hardly a critic, in the days before the war, to predict for this "Ik Marvel" any sort of lasting popularity.

After striking these few preliminary chords, let us turn to the facts of his life, uneventful as it was. We have seen that, born in 1822, he entered Yale in 1837; after being duly graduated he went to Europe and there collected in one notebook the material for his first book, which was published in 1847. His next two books are the ones which we have been discussing, and on which his literary reputation so largely rests. The cares of the farm now occupied him, and it was not till shortly before the war that he was again heard from, this time with a novel, *Dr. Johns*, an uneventful recital of the life of a Connecticut minister. His next attempt at fiction was a group of seven short stories, one of them, with the curious title of *Fudge Doings*, being translated into French with the inscription

*Aventures de la Famille Doings.* With these not altogether satisfactory attempts at fiction, he again concluded to labor in that one field which he can call his own, and in 1856 issued from Edgewood, the first of a series describing the joys of a life in the country, with an old-fashioned mixture of philosophy and anecdote. A typical gentleman farmer in democracy and refinement, Mr. Mitchell has only left Edgewood for occasional pilgrimages to swap yarns with his neighbor Mark Twain, or to cheer the old age of those two friends of his, the poets Aldrich and Stedman—companions who have so often expressed his own sentiments, and have more than once succeeded in clothing them in language surpassing their senior's. Both have left him within the year, but "Ik Marvel" grows younger in spirit even as his step falters and his hand trembles; for he is the first to realize that he is long past the allotted threescore years and ten;—but he is the last to dread the end.

We have seen that Mr. Mitchell's field is peculiarly his own: he had no predecessors, and has had few imitators, for a little revery is a dangerous thing—a truth which those who have tried their hand at his art, have speedily

realized. Much of his contemplative spirit, and hence much of his popularity, is due to the soul of the man himself, to that personal force which no analysis of character can explain. Moreover, it has always seemed to me that, more than in any other thoughtful writer of the century, his mind is the natural outgrowth, and his homely criticisms, the natural expression, of the typical New England environment and tradition; and this foundation in the past gives a strength and convincing force to his words that lesser writers of the same stamp utterly lack. Mere description is, after all, a form of literature cheap enough; and too much curiosity of detail is sure to exert a discouraging influence on the contemplation of human nature. None of his writing is the mere record of analysis or even of mere observation. It is a constant reproach to the prying, analytic methods of the French school, for instance, to see the reverence of this sympathetic, great-hearted observer before the god-head which he so exactly and yet so generously, studies. Even if, as is recognized, Mitchell's creative genius is less than that of the writers of the same school to whom he may be compared—George William Curtis, Hazlitt, or even Lamb, still I cannot but think that his

attitude toward human nature is just as satisfying, because it is occasionally more wholesome, often more contemplative, nearly always as true to life.

What a gentle, optimistic, all too rare a life it is that this student of human nature leads! The very thought of him,—faring quietly about his meadow-lands, poking around among all sorts of queer people who imagine him, and not mistakenly, to be simply one of themselves, living his long life in a sober and temperate joy, and peering everywhere for the same qualities, among simple, homekeeping folk,—brings with it a high inspiration. But of necessity, every man has the defects of his own qualities, and the very success of Mr. Mitchell's early efforts seems to have prevented his reaching out into a broader field. He seems unfortunately fearful at trying his hand at anything which might not co-ordinate with the *Reveries*, and hence, for his very timidity, he cannot be termed, as a writer, broad-minded. There are certain segments of literature, and even some of life, that Mr. Mitchell has utterly neglected. Toward art, music, and the drama, he reveals little inclination. He cultivates to best advantage ground that can be cut into definite allotments, and upon the ground

that is alien to human nature he has yet to set foot.

It is because we see in Mr. Mitchell's sketches that his particular sort of craftsmanship has reached its highest development — on that account we have paid this writer homage that may seem to many greater than he deserves. On his limitations we have already touched. If you ask to reconcile his narrow-mindedness and his lack of any erudition — which charms the simple minded as it repels the pedantic, — with that other aspect which has placed him at the head of his American contemporaries, why try to reconcile them at all? It depends on the reader, and on the reader's changing moods. When he is in the mood to look soberly into the face of life, then "Ik Marvel's" frivolity may repel him; but when the reader feels the necessity — which comes always — for smiling and for quaint fancy, then he gladly acknowledges Mr. Mitchell singularly gifted. For he recognizes the latter mood to be on the whole wiser, as it is safer and saner.

And so we have had our glimpse of the sage of Edgewood. We are ready to apply to him the words of Emerson at Thoreau's funeral — the Concord philosopher who said of the hermit

of Walden, in tender words of consecration—of greater worth than the heaped-up praises of a biographer: “Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, there he will find a home.”

*A SOUTHERN FOREST ROAD*

*By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

Sand, and the girdling silence save the note  
Of some sequestered bird; no single sign  
Of human presence but this tortuous line,—  
This path that penetrates to wastes remote;  
Vast aisles of pines from whose broad branches float  
Streamers of moss against a sky divine  
With swimming sapphire; air like languorous wine,  
Foe to hot haste, and wan care's antidote.

If you dare follow, soothly, who can say  
What forest magicry you may surprise  
Where the green windings in a glade expand!—  
Vivien the sorceress, Morgan le Fay,  
May work their spells before your startled eyes,  
Or Merlin strayed from deep Broceliande!

## Recent Publications

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EDWIN GEORGE PINKHAM.—*Fate's a Fiddler*. A novel of more than passing interest. While the situations are slightly overdrawn at times, the style has something of the flavor of the English masters of the nineteenth century. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1908.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS and J. COMYNS CARR.—*Faust*. Many of the difficulties of Goethe's dramatic poem as an acting play are overcome in this masterly poetic adaptation. No finer work has come from the pen of Mr. Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.—*At the Foot of the Rainbow*. There is the very breath of earth, sky and water in this elemental tale of the devoted trapper friends on the Wabash. Its homely realism is softened by exquisite flashes of soul and nature beauty. Color illustrations by Kemp. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1907.

JOHN HARRINGTON EDWARDS.—*God and Music*. In a series of exceedingly interesting chapters, replete with literary and scientific anecdote and illustration, the writer discusses in a pleasing but naïve manner, the revelation of God through music and the necessary development of the latter by man. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1907.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.—*Stories New and Old*. The general introduction on the short story and the little prefaces to each story, from Austin's *Peter Rugg, the Missing Man*, to Wister's *The Game and the Nation*, are in the editor's best manner. An unusually good selection of short tales. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

GEORGE P. UPTON.—*The Standard Concert Guide*. An indispensable book to the lover of concert music. Within the range of a rather small book, the author discusses in a pleasing, untechnical manner the principal

symphonies, oratorios, etc. The volume contains over fifty portrait illustrations. In the appendix is given a list of the prominent musical organizations of the United States. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

IRVING BABBITT.—*Literature and the American College*. Several of the chapters in this earnest study have appeared elsewhere. The added ones have given the writer the opportunity to restate with greater vigor and unity his criticism of certain well-meant, but undeniably harmful tendencies in American life and education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

ALBERT F. CALVERT.—*Grenada, Present and Bygone*. Any book on Spain by this writer gives the reader an anticipated pleasure. There is no disappointment in store in this one. More than two hundred illustrations give added charm to his narrative of Grenada's history and art. The book contains also a chapter on the artist, Cano. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1908.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.—*The Life and Letters of George Bancroft*. It is difficult to imagine anyone treating the material out of which this two-volume work has grown with greater fidelity and sympathy. The editor's fitness is seen in every chapter of this long life. His comment is to the point and never obtrudes on the interesting self-revealed life of the letters. And what a storehouse of gossip about men and things, of noble utterances on life is contained in these! No man can come from it without being enriched. The frontispiece is taken from the Harvard Richter portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.—*Poems*. The writer's muse is never artless and seldom fired with passion; a refined, sane and chaste spirit, however, reveals itself in the many beautiful poems of this enlarged new edition. New York: the Century Co. 1908.

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pation what it may, he is equal  
to any of those who follow the same  
pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do  
more in the same time—he will do it  
better—he will persevere longer. One  
is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he  
marches to music. The very stars are  
said to make harmony as they revolve  
in their spheres. Wondrous is the  
strength of cheerfulness, although past  
calculation its powers of endurance.  
Efforts to be permanently useful must  
be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sun-  
shine—grateful for very gladness, beau-  
tiful because bright. —THOMAS CARLYLE.

Vol. III — No. 4

# *The Pathfinder*

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OCTOBER, 1908

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Burne-Jones

*By* GEORGE B. ROSE

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# THE PATHFINDER

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With the July number, 1908, THE PATHFINDER begins its third volume. During the year, a new series, *Old Wine to Drink*, by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Poe, etc.

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in *little* devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

**T**HIS is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

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## *BEAUTY*

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

The breath of winds within a cloistered wood,  
The song of birds when twilight tints the skies,  
A love-song throbbing through night's solitude  
Beneath the silver stars that are dream's eyes.

Deep-shaded by the stillness of a grove,  
Harking the whispers of dim-hidden trees;  
Or lying in a bracken interwove  
With rose-vermillion and the gold of bees.

'Tis hers, the sovereign of this fair domain,  
Whose every way is sweetened with redress,  
Whose house of all is far the richest fane,  
Whose hands are heavy with strange loveliness.

My song is mute, there are no flowers to cull . . .  
Life is too exquisite, too wonderful !

*BURNE-JONES**By GEORGE B. ROSE*

Burne-Jones is the most exquisite poet who has expressed himself in color since Botticelli. His is not the poetry of passion and power; it is the poetry of delicate fancy and far-sought romance. He finds his inspiration not in Homer or Milton, not in Dante nor the *Niebelungen Lied*. It is to the pages of the *Morte d'Arthur* that he goes, to that first part of the *Romance of the Rose* that Guillaume de Lorris wrote. His soul dwelt not in Grecian days nor in the times in which he lived, but in that dim land of mediæval phantasy, when saintly young sad-eyed warriors went forth to slay the dragons that preyed upon the land, and maidens too modest to confess their love waited wistfully for their return. It is an unreal world of dreams into which he conducts us, but of dreams so pure and beautiful that we dread the return to earth, and, like the eaters of the lotus, would gladly dwell there forever, forgetting the toil and strife, the fever and ambition of our daily life.

His art is not robust. His pale slender heroines with their great eyes full of longing for they

know not what are fragile as lilies ; his young knights with their slight figures and hollow cheeks seem too frail and weary ever to achieve their quest. They know not themselves nor their desires ; but with the true soul of the Middle Ages they long for something that can never come to pass. In his forms and faces there is a languor, a wistfulness, a sweet unrest that only he can reveal with the brush and Tennyson alone can utter. He shows to our eyes what Tennyson tells us in the *Idylls* and *Tears, Idle Tears*. He brings the mediæval soul before us as no one else has ever done, with all its vague and ineffectual aspirations, its dreams of unattainable perfection, its passionate love of sweetness and light which yet so strangely went astray into outer darkness. He makes us comprehend it far better than do the works of the Middle Ages themselves, for he translates their almost forgotten speech into a language that we can understand. The men of the Middle Ages would not have understood his pictures. They could not have grasped the purport of an art so perfect and so free, and they were accustomed to rely on crude symbols to express the deepest meanings. But while he could not have revealed them to themselves, he reveals

them to us; and his works are a precious possession for him who would penetrate the mediæval soul.

It is an unreal world into which he conducts us, a world of romantic fancy, as far removed from the sane humanism of Shakespeare as from the grandeur of Homer or Dante's intensity of vision. His people are all a little weary, and you wonder how his frail Knight can venture forth to meet the dragon, how his delicate maiden can toil all day at the loom, weaving those strange tissues of fanciful design. But he has the merit of the great artists that he makes the unreal seem real in the end. We know that his figures are dreams, but as we look upon them we forget that they are such, and we dwell with them as though they are living flesh and blood.

This sense of reality is due in large measure to the minute finish of his works. Everything is painted so accurately, every detail is so patiently elaborated, that when we find these dream people clothed in such real vestments and surrounded by such real furniture, the conviction is forced upon us that they and the strange region in which they dwell are not the product of a vision, but living actualities. In

the same way Boecklin convinces us of the reality of the strange hybrid monsters that he evokes from ocean and forest by painting them with such particularity that we know that he could never have presented them thus had they not stood before him in the flesh.

Burne-Jones' art is the off-shoot of Botticelli's. Without the *Spring* and the *Birth of Venus* we know not what he would have been. Yet he was not an imitator of the rare Florentine. He did not copy Botticelli, he was inspired by him. They moved in opposite directions, and they met. Botticelli was a man of the Middle Ages, who stretched out his arms with infinite longing towards the gods of Greece. He is moving forward to the new light of the Renaissance that is dawning, and he meets Burne-Jones, who, weary of that garish light, is turning back to the mediæval land of dreams. For his contemporaries, Botticelli pointed the way to the land where Apollo and the Muses sang and the world was glad with the joy of youth ; but against his will he reveals that shadowy realm of strange visions and delicate fancies whence he was himself emerging. He hails the rising sun ; but he unconsciously tells of the exquisite dreams that haunt the darkness and linger in the dawn.

And, as with Botticelli, it was the human face and form that mostly interested Burne-Jones. Yet, like Botticelli, he occasionally gives us a landscape background, and when he does, it has the gracious charm of Botticelli's. Perhaps his best is in the *Mirror of Venus*, where the ideal beauty of the prospect and the sense of space that it conveys are worthy of Perugino.

Of course, all this teaming imagination would be in vain were not Burne-Jones an accomplished artist. It makes no difference what forms of grace and beauty may float before the mind's eye if we cannot give them a local habitation and a name. Burne-Jones was a skillful craftsman. He who examines any collection of his drawings, particularly the extensive one in the Birmingham gallery, must be struck with the precision and delicacy with which he handles the pencil. More exquisite drawings are not to be found since Leonardo. There are many of greater power, many that tell more in fewer strokes; but in grace and refinement they can hardly be excelled. As a colorist he is no more to be compared with Rossetti or Boecklin than his great predecessor Botticelli was comparable to Titian or Rubens. As with Botticelli, it is rather the grace of the lines that impresses us

than the beauty of the color. But, as with Botticelli, his color is always appropriate and pleasing, and sometimes delightful, if never splendid. And the patience and skill with which he handles his brush are beyond all praise. His works are no hasty sketches; they are pictures finished to ultimate perfection and in all the detail that nature herself presents. And this is one of their enduring charms, as it is with the primitive masters. We are always finding in them something that we had overlooked.

It is not given to all men to enjoy Burne-Jones, any more than all can enjoy Chopin's music. For the realist who likes to see repeated the scenes of his daily life, for the impressionist who loves to dash upon the canvas the mere suggestion of a picture, for the seeker after heroic strength and classic beauty, he has no message; but for him who loves not overmuch the world around him, and who would escape from its futile struggles, its devouring greed and its petty ambitions into a land of romance, where all is a little unreal, as befits a dream, and very delicate and beautiful, Burne-Jones' art is a precious boon. In its essence there is a great sameness, but in its execution there is immense variety. His pictures all show

us parts of the same realm of the heart's desire ;  
but how exquisite the fancy, how varied the presentation ! He leads us ever from one region of delight to another more charming still, until the return to earth comes as a rude awakening from a delicious trance.



### *ROMANCE*

[Adaptation from Paul Bourget.]

*By FRANCIS COFFIN*

O why does not this burning love  
Fade with the flowers, whose pungent breath  
Perfumed the summer days gone by,  
And sink with them to fragrant death ?

Why does Old Boreas blow away  
The withered leaves with boisterous blast,  
And yet leave fast-bound to my heart  
This burning love of days gone past?

He gathers all the withered blooms  
That garnished forest, field and hill ;  
And yet the white rose of my heart,  
Though bruised and crushed, blooms sweetly still.

This stream of tears that waters it,  
O will it flow forever on ?  
And this sweet melancholy rose —  
Say, will it bloom when I am gone ?

*OLD WINE TO DRINK**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN**III.—SIR JOHN SUCKLING*

*Dear Tusitala*—This morning I am wondering why you never put Suckling into a swash-buckling, sword-a-clanking, satin and lace romance after your very heart's desire. Think what an impudent gallant, possessing all of the matinee properties, he would make with his blasé, nonchalant mien set off in velvets, silks and ruffles galore. And, again, think what great splendid words to juggle with are these: Boldness, assurance, audacity, hardihood, effrontery, impudence, shamelessness; fearless, brave, courageous, intrepid, undaunted, valiant, heroic, daring! Besides, you would have Vandyke's portrait to guide you, the lyrics of the poet himself with which to prove his heart, and, best of all, your painted windows through which to get the rich opalescent coloring of the atmosphere in which he moved. Aye, but he is the very poetry of fine romance!

After all, my Master, Sir John Suckling was pretty much of a man. He was a goodfellow, whom men loved for comradeship's sake. You

doubtless remember how, in one of your favorite romances, D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos and Aramis, the four most man-loved heroes in all the world of fiction, intrigue and fight to save Charles I from the block? Suckling was their English brother. Had he met them in the public room of the Bedford Tavern, Green Hall Street, London, he could have ordered and eaten with them one of those most appetising suppers which old Dumas could at least make the reader smell even though he never allowed him so much as a bite. Then, after washing the food down with quite as much old wine as could Athos in the days of the *Three Musketeers*, Sir John could have gone out with the immortal four and, sword in hand, helped to thrash the half of Cromwell's army. Certainly a goodly courage was his, born of a mixture of indifference and bravado which would make him popular and well-beloved in any court of his day. And, by no means least, he loved and was loved by many women. It is true, that loving the love more than the women, he made of the *grande passion* a profession. He loved the beauty and the witchery of the girl nearest him much in the manner he loved the old wine at his lips, the lyric at his tongue's tip, or the

fight on his sword's end. And, passing strange, there was at times to be markedly seen within him the moralizing parson. (This, my dear Lantern Bearer, would have pleased you, no doubt!) Then, let me add, there was just a tinge of melancholia about our Vandykian cavalier, our lyric swashbuckler, our John-'o-light-loves, to give to his personality that air of mystery, of old, forgotten, unspeakable things, which lends unusual charm. . . . Thus, always in debts, always in love, always a lyric on his lips, always sadness in his heart, and always right warm and ready passion in his eyes—what better material do you want, Teller of Tales? . . . Well, that was Suckling.

Now all during this frenzied, tumultuous times of Charles I, in which Suckling lived, he produced much and various writings. It is true he is best remembered as a lyric poet, yet he wrote and published several plays which received more than usual notice for genuine dramatic possibilities. His *Aglaura* is notable as having been the first play acted with actual scenery. Also, to show the versatile nature of the man's mind, his prose essays, *Thoughts on Religion* and *A Tract on Socinianism*, should be remembered. Most of all, for its bearing on the heart of the

man, I recall to you the fact that in an age of licentiousness he wrote never a line of impure or vicious verse with which to degrade letters.

But the end is the trouble, my dear Master, for there is a difference between romance and life. I remember well your right good philosophy about beginning a tale to end well, or tragically, as the case might be; and the difficulty with the real Suckling is that it begins to end well, though, as you know, it does not. It is a most sorry, pitiable, and unhappy passing for our once brave friend. Aye, dear Lantern Bearer, it is to have conquered death to die bravely and unafraid. . . But there are the rose-colored windows, and in the book you'll end it happily at some triumphant moment of his merrier days before debt made him craven-hearted and poisoned his fine nobleness. My Master, some men, and you are one of them, were not made to fight the battle of mere vulgar poverty. They have not the gift of money-handling and the haggling commerce spirit, and such a one was our Sir John. It was debt and his genuine utter inability to cope with it that killed his honor, turned him coward and sent him, an exile to a suicide's grave.

A gay philosophy, a lover's tongue, a poet's

heart, a gallant's arm, are poor weapons with which to meet a world whose standards are based, relatively, upon shillings and pounds. Sometimes it is tragic to live too long within your "phantasmigoric chamber." . . . So here's a bumper, of our old wine, drunk at the window, to John Suckling, window painter. God rest his soul!



### *EPITHALAMIUM*

*By WARWICK JAMES PRICE*

A year ago! A year ago!  
It seems it can't be true!  
Time's fastest once was all too slow,  
When I was not with you.  
While now the months and weeks fly past  
Like an electric carriage;  
Time's slowest now is all too fast,—  
It's all been changed by marriage.

A year ago! We'd said good-bye  
To all our single pleasures,  
And hand in hand — just you and I! —  
Stepped forth to double measures.  
The last adieux, the lessening cheer,  
The tell-tale ribbons streaming,  
And then we found (Oh, Heart! 'twas dear!)  
How true had been our dreaming.

The flaming Autumn hills, the breeze  
 Its song to sunshine tuning,  
 With kindly comrades such as these  
 We started honeymooning.  
 We drove, we walked ; above all, *planned* ;  
 Until, at last, stern duty  
 Bade say farewell to Berkshire land,  
 And turn to bricks from beauty.

How sweet was that first home of ours !  
 Yes, "is," we still are in it ;  
 Where Cupid sings away the hours,  
 Full-throated as a linnet.  
 You dear old flat ! Four rooms,— a hall  
 And band-box bath included,—  
 I wonder how you'll look of all  
 Our household gods denuded ?

The months sped by. At last the Spring  
 Departed from the *tapis*,  
 But even August's hottest sting  
 Could not make home less happy.  
 If breezes wouldn't come our way,  
 On Bay or 'bus we'd find 'em ;—  
 Discomforts seldom come to stay,  
 And true love never minds 'em.

Now, with the Autumn's shortening days,  
 Back to the uplands turning,  
 We'll find the hillsides all ablaze,  
 In red-gold splendors burning.  
 There, where our year began, amid  
 The peaceful country glory,  
 Once more deep in its beauties hid,  
 We'll close the twelve-month's story.

*VENITE**By JEANNETTE MARKS*

In its flight a single petal traversed the window: it drifted; it dipped, making a bell of the air; it fluttered; it whirled; then, elfinlike, darted to the ground. The window had become a pageant frame for the flight of butterflies in summer; in autumn, the bacchic dance of leaves; in winter, the whirling of snow flakes; and the drift of apple blossoms in spring. Feeling that lay delightless, bound by a mute sense of its impotent life, stirred. Sunshine, honey-pale, crept in and the dust quivered and grew warm. The sunshine widened, became sunnier, deeper; and there were my thoughts free and spirit-shaped of the wind and gold and blue of the world.

Remembered, the petal seemed to beckon to me, and, in its flight, passed over my lips a rosy finger. From my quiet cottage in its nest of apple trees I looked across the way to an old house on a bare ample lawn, by the white portico a dead bush, twining up the side post a braided vine. Couchant, shutters closed, the old manse dozed unawakened by the rush of

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birds through the air or the twitter and scatter of swallows blown like leaves across the sky. What did that old house know? My heart drew back at the thought; and I turned to the field beside me, looking down past its tasselled tops to the green, sun-rayed shallows of the wheat; beyond, to the spun-mist of a meadow of June grass, delicate yet defined; and away to upland after upland, white with flowers, aflame with sorrel, brown with furrows, grey with sand, silver with the wind.

The grass at my feet is blowing west; above, the tree-tops are bending westward; yonder, the clouds are sailing west, and the hills trailing shadow and sunshine are leading on, a winding path into wonderland; overhead is a vaster roadway, by day the golden high road of the sun, blue distance changing now to the amber sea of sunset; by dark, the white path of the moon with the glow of fire-flies in the grass and of star-shine in the sky.

Where I lie are all the friendly shiftings of the brush: brown birch tassels rolling over, blades of grass clicking, dry leaves curling up, the roar of a bee zig-zagging past, the flicking of gnats against the leaves. The lavender cup of wild geranium looking down into my eyes is

a face nodding over my face. Through the purple of briars and the latticed-light of ferns, transparent shadows vanish into cool dells. Overhead is the soft droop of the maple, the hollow palms of apple leaves held up hungrily, the gray of the poplar turning silver in the twilight, the twinkle of birch leaves; the uneasy stirring to and fro of the branches; the piping of a little gust that goes ruffling up the tops of the trees, speeding away while the branches settle back to quietness; and beyond, the slow surging of some elms caught in a deeper current of the wind.

Dreaming, wide-eyed, I see the wind showering over the long meadow-grass; the blown spray of leaf-shadows; tossing branches waving scarf-like upon the earth; surging tree tops, their colour shifting green and silver; clouds unrolling along the uplands; the flume of shadow between two valley hills; the vaulted shade of the roadway with its clustered arch of black branch work and depth after depth of sunlit green; across the path the heaving up and down of a single shadow; beyond, cool aisles through the apple trees.

White shadow of blossoms, brown of the earth, gray of the road, green shadows of the

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woods, are all gathered now into twilight and fading, as the flowering tree above me fades, into night. The chime of the thrush is still. One sprig of an apple branch blots the face of the moon, gauzy winged moths shaking the moonlight through gray spreading spaces and through leaves. With the drift of cool air flutters a breath of warm, soft candle-flame upon my cheek, little fingers upon my eyes. From the dusky sky through the leaves dew comes dropping down — spirit of falling rain.

## Recent Publications

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F. R. POOLE.—*Mugen*. A fine lyric note and technique are evident throughout this modest little volume of verse. Bridgeport, Conn: Niles Publishing Co. 1907.

F. MOLNAR.—*The Devil*. The mere perusal of this play will readily explain its dramatic success. It is a virile, brilliant production with distinctive literary excellence. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1908.

J. J. BELL.—*Thou Fool*. By the author of *Wee Macgregor*. This strong story of the rise to power and wealth of a poor Scotch boy by present-day trade methods must unquestionably appeal to Americans. Burns' lines fairly haunt the reader. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.—*The Little Brown Jug at Kildare*. This novel is worth while if only to furnish the book for a capital comic opera. Don't take the world *au sérieux* and you'll thoroughly enjoy this improbable, frolicsome tale of the households of the governors of North and South Carolina. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

AGNES REPLIER.—*A Happy Half-Century*. One can easily understand the writer's half-serious regret that she had not been elected to live somewhere in the years 1775 to 1825, the half-century so happily treated in these little essays. Nearly every phase of social and literary interest is treated with great charm. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

A. C. BENSON.—*At Large*. The title *At Close Range* might have been better for these essays of keen insight and quiet humor. This writer who has delighted recently the English-reading public has never been so confessional. The essay on *Specialism* explains his deserved success. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

FERRIS GREENSLET.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*. Prerequisites in the making of this biography are discriminating taste and an intimate knowledge of American life and letters. These conditions are admirably met by the author. It is a handsome library edition with valuable bibliography. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

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**GABRIEL COMPAYRÉ.**—*Michel de Montaigne*. One of the *Pioneers of Education Series*. The general reader will find no more interesting book on the subject of education; in fact, the life, pedagogy and influence of Montaigne is so pleasingly treated that one does not suspect the thesis of the book, e. g., education of the judgment. The student of pedagogy, however, will find it a valuable book. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

**FREDERIC HARRISON.**—*Realities and Ideals*. Few men of to-day possess the catholic interest of this writer, and fewer yet have his sovereign faith that ideals of to-day become realities to-morrow. *Humani nihil a me alienum* is the key and charm to the recently published four volumes of essays and addresses, of which this is the last. His cosmopolitan view-point and occasional insular expression gives an added piquancy to those on *Literature and Art*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

**E. VACANDARD.**—*The Inquisition*. Translated by B. L. Conway. A modest little book, scholarly in its details, on this institution from the time of the early Christians to the Renaissance. While objective in treatment, the writer's manner is not always as dispassionate as he doubtless intended. Footnotes, bibliography and index add to the usefulness of the book. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1908.

**C. H. PAGE.**—*Molière*. To have the best of Molière, *c'est la comédie*, in this handsome two-volume edition is something deserving of the gratitude of English readers. The verse plays are done into English verse for the first time, and exceedingly well done too. The edition is in every sense adequate with Brander Matthews' well-written introduction, with the bibliography and a preface to each play. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

**OSCAR KUHNS.**—*The Sense of the Infinite*. A study of the transcendental element in literature, life and religion, from the time of Plato to the present. A simple and sympathetic study of a common race experience, of the force that has produced the things worth while, seeking now this man, now this age, as its expression. It is really a literary study in the manner of Herder, although suggesting the *genre* studies of Brunetière. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1908.

*Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.*

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—JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

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# *The Pathfinder*

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NOVEMBER, 1908

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A. E. Housman,  
Provincial Poet

*By Cornelius Weygandt*

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# THE PATHFINDER

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# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine *in little* devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

**T**his is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of **THE PATHFINDER**. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

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Vol. III ]

NOVEMBER, 1908

[ No. 5

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## *A NOVEMBER SONG*

*By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

Lo, the sere-leaf-crowned November,  
With her wind-disheveled hair,  
And one frosted aster-ember  
    Clutched within her withered hand !  
Only dream-wise we remember  
    That the bleak earth once was fair,  
With this pilgrim melancholy,  
    With this votaress of Despair,  
Like the midnight wraith of Folly,  
    Wandering down the ruined land.

Gone the fires upon the altars ! —  
    (How they blazed in red and gold ! )  
Mark the lorn one as she falters,  
    Buffeted and blind with rain !  
Gone the thrush's lyric psalters  
    That we hearkened to of old !  
Yet across the dark and distance,  
    Aye, across the dearth and cold,  
Drifts, with magical insistence,  
    The divine Aprilian strain.

*A. E. HOUSMAN, PROVINCIAL POET**By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT*

It is twelve years now since Mr. Alfred Edward Housman enjoyed a brief hey-day of popularity in England for his *Shropshire Lad*. Two years later, in 1898, on transferring the little volume to another publisher, there was a general and genuine recognition of his new-old reading of life and of his power, so rare among modern poets, of saying much in a few words, and both perspicuously and musically. Since then one of our cheaper American magazines has republished many of the verses of a *Shropshire Lad*, but cultivated America generally has paid scant heed to the beauty and significance of his poems. Our neglect of him is strange, because his verses are full of just that sort of epigrammatic saying that so delights the typical Yankee. Many a couplet like

Malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man,

sticks in the memory of the American country-store philosopher, either in his pristine state or, when raised to a higher power, he discourses as professional humorist in some newspaper or

magazine. Our street orators who plead for better times in this life, since there is doubt of the future life, might well end their harangues with

In all the endless road you travel  
There's nothing but the night.

And how many of us, fabled optimists that we are, would not subscribe to his

But play the man, stand up and end you,  
When your sickness is your soul.

Perhaps, however, it is just this,—that because Mr. Housman is on the whole pessimistic even his eminently quotable quality has not made him as well known as Mr. Kipling or Mr. Phillips or Mr. Yeats. Perhaps, again, it is this very proverbial quality that seems, at first glance, to render commonplace his poems, that has kept from him the few who really care for poetry.

These few might well wonder how a professor of Latin can be a poet. Mr. Housman holds the chair of Latin at University College, London. Before that, *Who's Who* tells us, he was in the Patent Office at London, whither he had passed from St. John's College, Oxford. His poems tell us plainly of a boyhood in Shropshire, his share of England, which in his smaller way, he has made memorable as Wordsworth has made

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Westmoreland memorable. Just as the Lake Country and Mr. Hardy's Wessex called me so that of all England they were the parts I must see, so now does Mr. Housman's Shropshire call me to the

. . . valleys of springs of rivers,  
By Ony and Teme and Clun,  
The country for easy livers,  
The quietest under the sun.

It is Shropshire that has made Mr. Housman a poet, not his studies as commentator of the Latin erotic group. There is scarcely a trace of their influence in his writing. They doubtless came into his life later, when he was less impressionable. It would be wonderful, if with his much editing and reviewing, he could have found the leisure for the brooding out of which his poetry has so surely come. It is more than likely that he has not found such leisure in his maturer years, for he has published few verses since 1896; there are many signs that the verses of a *Shropshire Lad* are partly records of a boyhood remembered and cherished in less happy years and partly veritable boyish verses, pigeonholed but preserved. Mr. Housman owns in the last poem of his little volume that his verses were not "the wear" of their time. He

evidently had them by him sometime before he published them. The very best of them, I should say, are the oldest, the expression of youth, of the period between a happy boyhood and manhood's acceptance of things as they are.

There is something of the green-sickness of early youth in these verses, but more often they express the state of mind of the young man disillusioned and just passing out of the resentfulness against the scheme of things that follows disillusionment.

It is inevitable, of course, to compare his verses with Mr. Hardy's, who has never lost his resentment against nature for her cruelty. Mr. Housman is but seldom so bitterly resentful, generally accepting what must be with a certain stoical heartiness, but sometimes wistful, as men of all ages are, over the inevitability of change and death. Mr. Housman does not know what is beyond the grave, and what is here this side of it is none too good, but the good we do know he would have us enjoy as heartily as man can. His doctrine might be reduced to "Gather ye rosebuds while we may," but sung far from jocundly. His hearty comradship, another quality that leads to the belief that these poems are a record of youth, a comradeship not

selfish, not alone for the pleasure to him in his friends, but a comradeship for service as well, militates against a reading of his poems as a declaration of "eat, drink and be merry," and nothing more. The Shropshire lad would be of help to his fellows "ere the end of all." Sometimes his only thought is of self, and some of his poems are possible only because of an intense preoccupation with self, as it is with so much of lyrical poetry. In his little poem on *Cherryblow at Easter* there is nothing but the poet and the beauty of the countryside. This poem closes on a simple, wistful thought, strange and deep for a boy of twenty, who, as Emerson has written, does not really believe he will ever die. He looks forward to his allotted span of three score and ten in this wise:

Since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty years are little room,  
About the country I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Youthlike, his moods veer many ways. Now he laments the brevity of life and now he finds it scarce worth the living—

Wonder 'tis how little mirth  
Keeps the bones of men from lying  
On the bed of earth.

In like Hardylike mood he cries out:

Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;  
All thoughts to rive the heart are here and all the vain:  
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation—  
Oh why did I awake? When shall I sleep again?"

It is the Shropshire lad's belief that though friendship and love, like all things human, are frail, you must needs hold to them, to friendship, to keep you brave, to "love to keep you clean." Ironic almost always, Mr. Housman accepts the ironic as natural, but at times it is so overpowering he cannot smile it out. The tears will spring, the wounded heart bleed.

To the man who thus sees life it is natural that external nature, the hills, the trees, the skies, should bring forgetfulness of human pain but it is only forgetfulness for the moment, for Shropshire is a long-settled land where many places are memorable for their old feuds, the wrongs done there from Roman times down the centuries, and so the wanderer about its ways will, despite himself, have his thoughts brought back to man, and "what man has made of man." And then "the blue remembered hills" of Shropshire are to Mr. Housman the symbol of vanished youth, and ever suggestive of

personal memories. So no poem is without its human chord, and the note dominant in that chord is that "of the ancient sorrow of man."

Soldiers of to-day are to Mr. Housman as often inspiration as are old wars. So, too, are soldiers to Mr. Kipling and to Mr. Hardy. Mr. Housman, however, does not follow his soldiers to the field. They are to him boyhood friends whom duty calls away ; they are the lads "from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold" that have taken the shilling, in no wise different from other Shropshire lads. As I read these poems the life of the countryside rises before me—its simple love stories but sad; its natural quarrels that end in murder; and not only things with the accent of tragedy but prosaic things, that only insight and irony prevent from remaining prosaic. Mr. Housman tells his emotions or the stories of his fellows with all the simplicity of folk-song, a simplicity that is the perfect expression of the life he has to portray. And as is befitting in a youth's revelation of youth, spring skies are over all; his people and their countryside are illumined with the light, tender and austere, of early April in a northland.

*POEMS**By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD**THE POET OF GALILEE*

## I.

Gods of the south and the north,  
 Gods of the east and the west,  
 Ye that arise and come forth  
 On the good quest—  
 Out of a wonderful place,  
 Out of the pregnant gloom,  
 Out of the soul of the race,  
 Out of humanity's womb,  
 Fed on humanity's breast,  
 On the stars and the sea,  
 Treading unsoiled the Augean  
 World and its primitive slime that so  
 often befools such as we,  
*Cleansers with lyric and paean:*  
 Praise be to all! but to thee,  
 Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .  
 Even from me.

## II.

Gods of the coasts and the isles,  
 Gods of the hill and the plain,  
 Who with your beautiful smiles  
 Come not in vain—  
 Out of a wonderful place,  
 Out of the smoke and the fire,  
 Out of the soul of the race,  
 Out of its upward desire,  
 Nurtured with pleasure and pain,

---

With the rock and the tree,  
Loosening us from the Circean  
Drink and the cloven-hoofed beast that  
    too often degrades such as we,  
*Restorers through song empyrean*  
Praise be to all!—but to thee,  
Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .  
Even from me.

## III.

Gods, O our cleansers, restorers,  
Coming as lovers to greet,  
Of the wine for our lips the outpourers,  
Of the waters for hands and for feet!  
When our knees to the sly Cytherean  
Were bowed in libidinous rite,  
When our eyes with the tears Niobean  
Were wet on a desolate night,  
When we craved the ignoble Lethean  
Banks for our sin or our grief,  
Then ye came!—and O thou, Galilean,  
Camest the swiftest and chief.  
And ye kindled the radiant fountains  
Of flame, like a swift borealis,  
In the Mediterranean mountains,  
On the Mexican's grim teocallis;  
And they who were near, by your high light  
Saw upon earth a new stream,  
Where golden cities your sky light  
Returned, beam for beam  
(Even I, who was far, in your twilight  
Dreamed a new dream).  
And ever the vision of fire  
Gendered new fire in men  
(As the sudden song of a lyre

Wakes us to singing again)—  
*O ye that reveal and inspire*  
 Praise and amen!—  
 But io! and praise hymenean  
 And palms, dewy-fresh and unfurled,  
 At sunrise to thee, Galilean,  
 Light of the world!

## IV.

Gods, because more than all others,  
 Gods, because men at man's worth,  
 Ye, both our masters and brothers,  
*Poets of earth!*  
 Out of a wonderful place,  
 Out of the ancient Design,  
 Out of the soul of the race,  
 Out of the nameless Divine,  
 Fed on the past and its dearth,  
 Fed on the fulness to be,  
 Whether from Ind, or Aegean,  
 Jordan, or Tiber, or waters that flow  
     through our land to the sea,  
*Saviors from aeon to aeon:*  
 Praise be to all!—but to thee,  
 Praise above praise, Galilean! . . .  
 Even from me.

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*TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS*

## LI.

Like to a god he seems to me,  
 O more than god, if that may be,  
 The man who, seated next to thee,  
     Gazes, and hears

Thy laugh of love that snatched away  
 My soul and sense: for on the day  
 I saw thee, lady, voice could say  
 Not any word;

But tongue grew stark, and thro my frame  
 Fed unforeseen a subtle flame,  
 And rang my ears, and eyes became  
 Veiled, as in night.

## XXVI

Your country-house is not exposed  
 To any blustering gale—  
 But, since your mortgagees foreclosed,  
 It's now exposed for sale:  
 And *this* exposure, none can doubt,  
 Is likely, friend, to freeze you out.

## VIII.

Wretched Catullus, play the fool no more:  
 The lost is lost, the dead forever dead—  
 White were the suns that gleamed for you yore,  
 When roamed your footsteps where your lady led,  
 O loved by us as none was loved before:  
 O then I spoke those playful words so dear  
 That then my lady loved so well to hear—  
 White were the suns that gleamed for you of yore.

She wishes them no more; and 'tis for you,  
 Poor weakling, now to cease to wish them too.  
 No longer strive to follow what will flee:  
 No longer live the wretch you've lived to be.  
 But now with steadfast mind, be calm and bear.  
 Farewell, my child, Catullus now is strong;  
 He will not ask nor seek you anywhere  
 Unbidden more.

But you shall grieve for long,  
When none will ask. O what a life is there,  
Miscreant woman. Who will come, ah who  
Hereafter? Unto whom shall you be fair?  
Who now will love? To whom shall you belong?  
Whom will you kiss? and bite whose lips!—

But you

Catullus, still remember to be strong.

### XXXI.

my gem of almost-islands and of islands, Sirmio,  
Whataeover, wheresoever lucid inland waters flow,  
Wheresoever out in ocean sun may shine or wind may  
blow!  
how gladly, O how madly I rejoice again to be  
After all the Asian lowlands wandered over wearily)  
Iere at last, my little island, safe at last with home and  
thee!  
What so dear as cares completed when the mind lays  
down the load,  
and the way-worn feet that wandered take again the  
homeward road;  
and upon the bed we longed for we can go to sleep  
again—  
alone reward enough for all the labor, all the pain!  
Iail, my Sirmio, the lovely, greet your master and be  
gay;  
reet him, all ye Lydian billows, plashing up the sands  
at play—  
With your laughter greet Catullus, back again with you  
to-day.

*ASPECTS OF COVENTRY PATMORE**By JULIAN PARK*

"I see enough of the papers and reviews to know that I am not, and never have been, in the 'fashion,' but I suppose that this is no true criterion."

In such wise did Coventry Patmore sum up his own position in literature, and his judgment is the keener because he recognized so readily his own limitations. Yet what is there, in the small number of poems that he has left, that makes them as enduring as the race itself? He had no great or new truths to give the world; no intellectual mission to perform. If his fame is to live it will be not as teacher but as poet; not because he has exerted any lasting influence on the course of events, or even because of the essential truth of his convictions, but because of the intensity of his emotion and his perfect mastery of poetic form.

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore, though he holds such a unique position, is perhaps most closely associated with three contemporary poets. He was born a year after Arnold and five years before Rossetti, and died within a few weeks of William Morris. The boyhood of

Patmore seems to have been irregular and free, for he was subjected to none of the usual discipline of family life. After a year spent as an assistant in the British Museum, he married Emily Andrews,—a union termed by Mr. Champneys as of the highest importance in the poet's life, both emotional and intellectual: a revelation to him of womanhood at its nearest approach to perfection. The years of mourning following her death, in 1862, were the brooding time of his highest poetry—*The Angel in the House*, *The Unknown Eros*, and in particular the exceedingly pathetic *Toys* and *The Azalea*, with which it shall be our concern to deal more fully.

Shortly after his wife's death, occurred at Rome the most important single event of his life. His impressions, indeed, of that city and of its religious atmosphere were distinctly unfavorable; the idealist had been at work within him and had formed a dream-picture, highly coloured, majestic, of a celestial city, which modern Rome cruelly mocked. But his prejudices were not long in giving way before the attractions of the genial circle which the name of his friend Cardinal Manning opened. According to the poet, indeed, the Cardinal's pros-

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elytism had retarded a conversion toward which he had already long been prone.

After his marriage and his conversion—the influence of which is plainly to be recognized upon his work—his life became thoroughly ordered in quiet places, and the next ten years were spent as a husbandman on his estate of Heron's Ghyl. The third period takes us to 1891 and includes his prose, which—if we should have time to discuss it—we must remember was undertaken only under protest.

By the death of his son and daughter, who mingle—especially the latter—in their own verses an intensity of religious fervour and a remarkable lyrical gift, which prove them to be inherited, the poet's family again dwindled, and late in life he married for the third time, taking his family, in 1891, to Hampshire. The fourth period of his life is of six years duration, tedious years of great bodily suffering. Pain did not daunt him, but he was ready for the end.

It is essential for intelligent criticism that we understand at the outset the nature of the emotion which has inspired his poetry, and by its combined delicacy and fervour made him, more than any other save Spenser no doubt, the poet's poet. Primarily, perhaps, it is a yearning,

intense yet hopeless, for the realization of his ideal of things eternal and unseen, which may have led him to seek expression in conversion to Romanism. Shelley's stanzas to Keats in *Adonais* might well be applied to Patmore:

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envoy and calumny, and hate, and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight  
Can touch him not, and torture not again.

Undoubtedly his great inspiration toward this ideal is the pure and platonic love which he conceives as the longing of our ideal self. For Coventry Patmore there was an unspeakable peace in thus communing with the infinite. In such a spirit the 'magnum opus,' *The Angel in the House*, was conceived. The cry of natural passion of love in poetry is struck in an entirely new manner, a manner peculiarly his own: touched not so much with natural sensuousness as with a fire of divine purity, like one who had seen in her whom he loved a vision of the heavenly host. And he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, for it is recorded thus:

And when we knelt she seemed to be  
An angel teaching me to pray;  
And all through the high liturgy  
My spirit rejoiced without alloy,

Being, for once, borne clearly above  
All banks and bars of ignorance  
By this bright spring-tide of pure love,  
And floated in a free expanse,  
Whence it could see from side to side,  
The obscurity from every part  
Winnowed away and purified  
By the vibrations of my heart.

To understand completely the significance and spirit of this work, we must have a brief outline before us. It is simple enough. A poet has divulged to his wife on their wedding anniversary that it was his purpose to compose a poem of entirely new character. Quoting from Mr. Gosse's synopsis, we see how "Dean Churchill, a widower, brings up in stately decorum three lovely daughters. The poet, Vaughan, is overwhelmed by the charm of their mellowing graces, but fortunately the clouds of radiance clear away and he sees Honoria obviously sweeter than her sisters. The course of love flows as smooth as the sleepy river of Avon among its water-lilies."

We must remember that, since he wrote the *Angel*, Patmore's life had served to deepen and intensify both thought and feeling; his ear, also, had gained in accuracy. What he later presented in his Odes approached more nearly the

ideal of poetry as regards purely the form, and for that reason his audience was likely to be limited to a select few. In the case of the Odes, the appeal was peculiarly to lovers of poetry as such; but the *Angel* won many readers who were simply touched by the sentiment and the story. Not all readers of poetic masterpieces love verse for its poetic quality alone;—few can drink of the Pierian spring undiluted. Those readers who liked sentiment saw that the poem was simple, and they rejoiced in its simplicity without troubling themselves to realize that the writer's purpose was more intricate.

But Patmore's emotions were not all confined to the other sex. His first wife had left him a large family, and the responsibility for these young orphans was most trying to the poet's nerves. During a painful mood at this time he penned the exquisite ode called *The Toys*, which, better than any of the other short pieces, best illustrates his simple pathos :

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,  
I struck him, and dismissed  
With hard words and unkissed,  
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with  
careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept, and said :  
' Ah ! when at last we lie with trancèd breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good.  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou 'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
" I will be sorry for their childishness." '

And so we have considered, all too briefly, one aspect of this three-sided poet. The second phase may best be introduced by a quotation from his diary : "August 23, 1862.—Last night I dreamt that she was dying: awoke with un-

speakable relief to find it was a dream; but a moment after to remember that she was dead."

Six weeks before this entry occurred, Emily Patmore had died. It was highly characteristic of the poet that when he came to deal with this reflex action in a dream, he should do so symbolically. The result is his most perfect ode, *The Azalea*. If at times we are baffled by his mysticism, his symbolism, we must remember that the trouble is due not so much to obscurity as to certain peculiarities of style that only momentarily elude us—eccentricities which have puzzled critics of many a greater poet: Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning;—he is not a word-twister like Meredith or Browning; he is merely a master of new and Patmorean metres. Even if his mysticism is at times baffling, let us not, yielding to the charm of his music, be whirled on regardless of meaning.

Many who, by either mastering his mysticism or by overcoming his difficulties of style, have gained the right to criticise, hold that the analogy of human and divine love has been occasionally carried beyond the proper bounds. But all critics find a common point of agreement in his lyrical gift. Patmore was a close and accurate student of poetic form. Indeed, he

even declared that on occasion, form was of even greater value than substance—a claim which he embodied into his most important prose work, *Metrical Law* (1857). In the use of metre he showed great ingenuity as well as variety, and one of his earliest poems, *Night and Sleep*, fills up in a single line of the octave (the seventh) the pause implied at the end of the other seven.

To write a lovely song, perfect in substance and form, says Stopford Brook, is one of the rare things of the world. Sometimes, when blood runs red and enthusiasm is high, a man will write a single immortal song, and no more. But to have the divine gift to write many perfect songs, belongs only to the muse's elect. Patmore, however, was aided by just the elements in his character to produce one or two perfect songs. He lived apart, in a visionary world, in a world of music, of flowers, of beauty and love, where all things sang: where the music in his *world* was attuned to the music in his *soul*.

It was no wonder, then, that he wrote lyrics. No wonder, then, that he was a natural lyrist, that he could pen such lines as these, in which the emotion and metrical movement alike are like the eyes and the dancing of a musical child:

Two little children, seeing and hearing,  
Hand in hand wander, shout, laugh, and sing ;  
Lo ! in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,  
Love, like the crocus, is come ere the spring.

Ah, but the glory, found in no story,  
Radiance of Eden unquenched by the Fall,  
Few may remember, none may reveal it,  
This the First-love, the first love of all.

Coventry Patmore lived till he over was seventy : always quiet, always unfamed, always happy. William Blake once said to a lady who had been introduced to him in his old age : "May God make this world, my child, as beautiful to you as it has been to me." Patmore once said : "Julian Hawthorne came and smoked with me yesterday. You should have heard him talk about the Odes. 'You must have been happy to have written that,' he said when I had finished reading *Amelia*, and I thought—I had." No poet who turns out a quantity of mediocre work can take much pride or happiness in his productions. Pride preserved Patmore from going on for a single moment after he was aware that the sudden inspiration had vanished. To the 1886 edition of his complete works he prefaced the manly simplicity of this unvarnished avowal :

I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity, and, should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.

I have not touched upon his limitations as a poet, nor have I attempted to seat him among the immortals. What I have tried to do is simply to mention those three of his poetic characteristics which stand out most prominently. Tennyson and Morris, though dead not longer than the subject of this sketch, have yet their places already fixed in English literature; and the fame of even living poets, such as Stephen Phillips and Swinburne, is apparently assured. But with Coventry Patmore the time has not yet come for unbiased judgment.

Whatever his faults, he has his own peculiar place in the long roll of English poets, and it is a place unique and select. His readers will always be few, but those who love him love him well.

## Recent Publications

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M. R. RINEHART.—*The Circular Staircase.* Merely a mystery story, but an exceptionally clever one. From cover to cover, interest never abates. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

C. E. CRADDOCK.—*The Fair Mississippian.* Miss Murfree has furnished her tale of plantation life in Mississippi with enough mystery and thrilling incident to make a popular book. Its real charm, however, lies in the delineation of the main characters and the picture of plantation environment. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

ESTHER SINGLETON.—*Handbook to the Standard Galleries of Holland.* An indispensable little book on Dutch art in its principal galleries. The writer supplements her own intimate knowledge with the opinions of the foremost critics and prepares the reader, with brief life sketches and beautiful illustrations, for the enjoyment of Dutch life and art. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

CHARLOTTE PORTER and HELEN A. CLARKE.—*Coriolanus, Taming of the Shrew, Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Three additional volumes to the excellent First Folio Reprint Series. Each play contains introduction, notes, discussion of sources and composition, glossary, variorum readings and selected criticism. The edition is sure to become a favorite. Its usefulness for college study goes without saying. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

C. H. CAFFIN.—*The Appreciation of the Drama.* The publishers in this volume complete their uniformly excellent Appreciation Series in painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, music and the drama. Without disparagement one can say that this is the most interesting. From the standpoint of the modern play-goer, the author discusses the development of the play and the change in stage, audience and actor from classical times. His dramaturgic suggestions are simple and to the point, and should stimulate and create a more general interest in the greater drama. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

THERE are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other; the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry; its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow; and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by persons who live *on* science or poetry; it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelve month puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? Where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamour? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other, permanent literature.

—ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

Vol. III — No. 6

# *The Pathfinder*

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DECEMBER, 1908

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## Poems of Madison Cawein

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT  
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## **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

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Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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**MALIBRAN** *By Roy Temple House*

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**REPRINT FROM MILTON** *(Back Cover Page)*

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine *in little* devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

**T**HIS is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

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[Vol. III]

DECEMBER, 1908

[No. 6]

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## *PROEM*

*By MADISON CAWEIN*

Reprinted from *Myth and Romance*

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet  
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;  
There is no metre that's half so fine  
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;  
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard  
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.—  
If the wind and the brook and the bird would teach  
My heart their beautiful parts of speech,  
And the natural art that they say these with,  
My soul would sing of beauty and myth  
In a rhyme and a metre that none before  
Have sung in their love, or dreamed in their lore,  
And the world would be richer one poet the more.

*POEMS OF MADISON CAWEIN**By GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT*

Not many years ago one whom some like to call the dean of American letters, sensed with critical instinct a genuine lyric quality in the verse of a young Kentucky poet, born in Louisville, March 23, 1865. Mr. Howell's estimate of Madison Cawein has assumed a larger promise in the deserved praise which the poet's maturing genius has won for him from England's best critics. Edmund Gosse, Arthur Symons and the English reviews have given him, frankly and honestly, a leading, if not the foremost, place among our many excellent singers. No small meed for a life and work as devoted in this day to the ideal of beauty in song as was that of von der Vogelweide, de Born, Petrarcha, Garcilaso, Keats or Lanier in theirs. And this too when one considers the fair number of minor lyric writers in America to-day, the quality of whose work in some respects has seldom been surpassed. The only thing necessary to make this poetry great is some sincere and ringing purpose, a devotion to some cause out of our national and social welfare.

And it is just here that one finds the only lack in the wide range of Cawein's previously published verse; where every note in the gamut of beauty seems touched with the rare prescience and sentience of the Greek in his artless achievement. In a restricted sense Cawein's cult is Nature, a nature that *cannot* be devoid of human interest, so luring is its appeal to the love of beauty denied not to the most sordid soul. We should but repeat if we compared him with Keats. In exquisite forms, varying with the lyric intent, a melody of caressing sweetness, a poetic power of rare degree for penetrating Nature's haunts and listening to her old-time secrets, Cawein has created through his verse "his own beautiful fable of life," none the less real for being ideal.

Living over again in spirit and expressing fully as well the *dolce far niente* verse, the poetry of romance, of some of his English masters, it might seem that Cawein were a singer out of time. Read between the lines, however, and one can find far back in his work some hint of poetic indignation over human ills. Only a hint, however! merely a lyric cry like that of a bird in its sleep. In his later verse this will grow to fuller utterance. The overmastering sense of

duty, though it may be subconscious, the poet's obligation to use his gift for the righting of human wrongs—didactic if you will—must come to him as it came to Dante, Milton, Hugo, if he is to rank as a great poet, as we are fain to believe he will when his muse ceases to be wholly complaisant.

In this belief *The Pathfinder of Sewanee* is privileged to offer to its readers a series of sonnets so unlike the verse that one calls to mind when one thinks of the Kentucky poet. He has here passed beyond his grasp in *The Old Herb-Man*, praised so highly by Arthur Symons.

We also reprint a few poems in order to give a better idea of the range and beauty of his poetry. The following are the first editions of his works:

*Blooms of the Berry*, 1887; *The Triumph of Music*, 1888; *Accolon of Gaul*, 1889; *Lyrics and Idylls*, 1890; *Days and Dreams*, 1891; *Moods and Memories*, 1892; *Red Leaves and Roses*, 1893; *Poems of Nature and Love*, 1893; *Intimations of the Beautiful*, 1894; *The White Snake*, 1895; *Undertones*, 1896; *The Garden of Dreams*, 1896; *Idyllic Monologues*, 1898; *Shapes and Shadows*, 1898; *Myth and Romance*, 1899; *Weeds by the Wall*, 1901; *One Day and Another*, 1901; *Kentucky Poems*, 1902; *A Voice on the Wind*, 1902; *The Vale of Tempe*, 1905; *Nature Notes and Impressions*, 1906; *Poems of Madison Cawein*, 1907; *An Ode in Commemoration of the Founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony*, 1908.

*SHADOWS IN THE NIGHT**THE HERB-GATHERER*

A gray, bald hillside, bristling here and there  
 With leprous-looking grass, that, knobbed with  
 stones,  
 Slopes to a valley where a wild stream moans,  
 And every bush seems tortured to despair,  
 And shows its teeth of thorns, as if to tear  
 All things to pieces: where the skull and bones  
 Of some dead beast protrude, like visible groans,  
 From one bleak place the winter rains washed bare.  
 Amid the desolation, in decay,  
 Like some half-rotted fungus, gray as slag,  
 A hut of lichenized logs: and near it, old,  
 Unspeakably old, a man, the color of clay,  
 Sorting damp roots and herbs into a bag,  
 With trembling hands purple and stiff with cold.

*THE TOWN WITCH*

Crab-faced, crab-tongued, with deep-set eyes that  
 glared;  
 Unfriendly and unfriended lived the crone  
 Upon the common, in her hut, alone,  
 Past which but seldom any villager fared.  
 Some said she was a witch and rode wild-haired  
 To devils' revels; on her hearth's rough stone  
 A fiend sat ever with gaunt eyes that shone,  
 A shaggy hound whose fangs at all were bared.  
 So one day, when a neighbor's cow had died  
 And someone's infant sickened, *good* men shut  
 The crone in prison; dragged to court and tried;

Then hung her for a witch and burnt her hut.  
 Days after, on her grave, all skin and bones  
 They found the dog, and him they killed with stones.

*THE VILLAGE MISER*

The dogs made way for him and snarled and ran ;  
 And little children to their parents clung  
 Big-eyed with fear, when, gruff of look and tongue,  
 Bent-backed he passed who had the village ban.  
 In old drab coat and trousers, shoes of tan,  
 And scarecrow hat, from some odd fashion sprung,  
 A threadbare cloak about his shoulders flung,  
 Grasping a crooked stick, limped by this man.  
 Unspeaking and unspoken to, but oft  
 Cursed after for a miser as he passed,  
 Or barked at by the dogs who feared his cane.  
 One day they found him dead — killed in his loft,  
 Among his books, the hoard which he had massed.  
 And then they laughed and swore he was insane.

*THE INFANTICIDE*

She took her babe, the child of shame and sin,  
 And wrapped it warmly in her shawl and went  
 From house to house for work. Propriety bent  
 A look of wonder on her; raised a din  
 Of Christian outrage. None would take her in.  
 All that she had was gone, had long been spent.  
 Penniless and hungry by the road she leant,  
 No friend to go to and no one of kin.  
 The babe at last began to cry for food :  
 Her breasts were dry ; she had no milk to give.  
 She was so tired and cold. What could she do ? —  
 The next day in a pool within a wood  
 They found the babe. 'Twas hard enough to live,  
 She found, for one ; impossible for two.

*THE RAG-PICKER*

A pond of filth a sewer flows into,  
Around whose edge the evil ragweeds crowd,  
Poison in every breath; and, cloud on cloud,  
Insects that sing and sting, the pool's fierce spew.  
All hideousness, from every street and stew,  
And every stench weaves for the place a shroud;  
And in its midst a figure, bent and bowed,  
A woman who no girlhood ever knew.  
Some offal of humanity she seems,  
One with the rags she picks and scrapes among,  
More soiled, perhaps, in soul; the veriest rag  
Of womankind, whose squalor looks and dreams  
Of nothing higher than the cart that flung  
Its last load here from which she crams her bag.

*THE BOY IN THE RAIN*

Sodden and shivering in the mud and rain,  
Half in the light that serves but to reveal  
The blackness of an alley and the reel  
Homeward of wretchedness in tattered train,  
A boy stands crouched; big drops of drizzle drain  
Slow from a rag that was a hat; no steel  
Is harder than his look, that seems to feel  
More than his small life's share of woe and pain.  
The pack of papers, huddled by his arm,  
Is pulp; and still he hugs the worthless lot.—  
A door flares open to let out a curse  
And drag him in, out of the night and storm. . .  
Out of the night, you say?—*You* know not what!  
To blacker night, God knows! and hell, or worse!

---

*THE MOUNTAIN STILL**THE MOONSHINER*

He leans far out and watches; down below  
 The road seems but a ribbon through the trees;  
 The bluff, from which he gazes, whence he sees  
 Some ox-team or some horseman come and go,  
 Is briered with brush. A man comes riding slow  
 Around a bend of road. Against his knees  
 The branches whip. He sits at careless ease.  
 It is the sheriff, armed for any foe.  
 A detonation tears the echoes from  
 Each pine-hung crag: upon the rider's brow  
 A smear of red springs out: he shades it now,  
 His gray eyes on the bluff. The crags are dumb.  
 Smoke wreathes one spot. The sheriff, with a cough,  
 Marks well that place, and then rides slowly off.

*THE SHERIFF*

Night and the mountain road: a crag where burns  
 What seems a star, low down: three men that glide  
 From tree and rock towards it: one a guide  
 For him who never from his purpose turns,  
 Who stands for law among these mountain kerns.  
 At last the torch-lit cave, along whose side  
 The still is seen, and men who have defied  
 The law so long — law, who the threshold spurns  
 With levelled weapons now. Wolves in a den  
 Fight not more fiercely than these fought; wild fear  
 In every face, and rage and pale surprise.  
 The smoke thins off, and in the cave four men  
 Lie dead or dying: one that mountaineer,  
 And one the sheriff with the fearless eyes.

*AN EPISODE*

## I

There was a man rode into town one day,  
Barefooted, hatless and without a coat.  
It was the dead of winter. 'Round his throat  
Were marks of violence: bits and wisps of hay  
Bristled his beard and hair. From far away  
We saw him coming; desolate and remote  
And wild his gaze, that of no thing took note,  
Or seeming note; and nothing would he say.  
But when he'd had a drink, then drunk some more,  
He told us he had sold tobacco; see?  
And all was lost. At that he caught his breath.  
Last night a knock came at his cabin door.  
His son, who answered, was shot dead. And he  
Was caught and choked and almost beat to death.

## II

They said he'd sold tobacco; and he knew  
They ought to kill him, burn his house and barn,  
And *would* unless he gave them (this with scorn)  
The money he'd received. What could he do?  
He had a little money, it was true,  
Hid in an old pot underneath the corn  
There in the crib, he told them. 'Twas a yarn  
To get away. They were a desperate crew.  
They set to work upon the crib; and he  
Got loose and on a horse and took to flight:  
They shot at him.—Whatever might occur  
He did not care now: they had burned, you see,  
His home: for miles its glare lit up the night.—  
His wife and daughters?—God knows where they  
were.

*CONSECRATION*

## I

This is the place where visions come to dance,  
Dreams of the trees and flowers, glimmeringly,  
Where the white moon and the pale stars can see,  
Sitting with Legend and with dim Romance.  
This is the place where all the silvery clans  
Of music meet: music of bird and bee;  
Music of falling water; melody  
Mated with magic, with her golden lance.  
This is the place made holy by Love's feet,  
And dedicate to wonder and to dreams,  
The ministers of Beauty. 'Twas with these  
Love filled the place, making all splendors meet  
And all despairs, as once in woods and streams  
Of Ida and the gold Hesperides.

## II

Here is the place where Loveliness keeps house,  
Between the river and the wooded hills,  
Within a valley where the Springtime spills  
Her firstling windflowers under blossoming boughs:  
Where Summer sits braiding her warm white brows  
With bramble roses; and where Autumn fills  
Her lap with asters; and old Winter frills  
With crimson haw and hip his snowy blouse.  
Here you may meet with Beauty. Here she sits  
Gazing upon the moon; or, all the day,  
Tuning a woodthrush-flute, remote, unseen:  
Or when the storm is out 'tis she who flits  
From rock to rock, a form of flying spray,  
Shouting, beneath the leaves' tumultuous green.

## III

The road winds upward under whispering trees,  
Through grass and clover where the dewdrop winks,  
And at the hill's green crest abruptly sinks  
Into a valley boisterous with bees  
And brooks and birds. Its beauty seems to seize  
And take one's breath with rapture, joy that drinks  
The soul's cup dry while dreamily it links  
Present and past with mortal memories.  
Or so it seems to us who, heart to heart,  
Come back the old way through the dusk and dew  
With all our old dreams with us, blossom-deep  
With love: old dreams, this vale has made a part  
Of its unchanging self, the dreams come true,  
That consecrate it and still guard and keep.

## IV

Keep it, O dim recorders of gray years,  
And memories of bygone happiness!  
This vale among the hills where Love's distress  
And rapture walked, beautiful with smiles and tears.  
Guard it for Love's sake, and for what endears  
Its every tree and flower, each fond caress,  
Each look of Love with which he once did bless  
The paths he wandered, filled with hopes and fears.  
Guard it for that sure day when, far apart,  
Life's ways have led us, and with Memory  
One shall sit down here where two sat with Love:  
Keep it for that time; keep it, like my heart,  
Haunted forever by that ecstasy  
And by those words its bowers still whisper of.

*RAINLESS*

The locust builds its arc of sound  
And tops it with a spire ;  
The roadside leaves pant to the ground  
With dust from hoof and tire.

The insects, day and night, make din,  
And with the heat grow shriller ;  
And everywhere great spiders spin,  
And crawls the caterpillar.

The wells are dry ; the creeks are pools ;  
Weeds cram their beds with bristles ;  
And when a wind breathes, naught it cools,  
The air grows white with thistles.

For months the drouth has burned and baked  
The wood and field and garden ;  
The flower-plots are dead ; and, raked,  
Or mown, the meadows harden.

The Summer, sunk in godlessness,  
From quarter unto quarter  
Now drags, now lifts a dusty dress,  
That shows a sloven garter.

The child of Spring, it now appears,  
Has turned a drab, a harlot,  
Death's doxy, who beside her leers  
In rags of gold and scarlet.

*ATTRIBUTES*

I saw the daughters of the Dawn come dancing o'er the hills:

The wind of Morn danced with them, oh, and all the elves of air:

I saw their ribboned roses blow, their gowns of daffodils,  
As over eyes of sapphire tossed the wild gold of their hair.

I saw the summer of their feet imprint the earth with dew,

And all the wildflowers open eyes in joy and wonderment:

I saw the sunlight of their hands waved at each bird that flew,

And all the birds, as with one voice, to their wild love gave vent.

"And, oh!" I said, "how fair you are! how fair! how very fair!—

Oh, leap, my heart! and laugh, my heart! as laughs and leaps the Dawn!—

Mount with the lark and sing with him and cast away your care!

For love and life are come again and night and sorrow gone!"

I saw the acolytes of Eve, the mystic sons of Night,  
Come pacing through the ancient wood in hoods of hodden-gray:

Their sombre cloaks were pinned with stars, and each one bore a light,

A moony lanthorn, and a staff to help him on his way.

---

I heard their mantles rustle by, their sandals, whispering,  
sweep,  
And saw the wildflowers bow their heads and close  
their lovely eyes:  
I saw their shadows pass and pass, and with them  
Dreams and Sleep,  
Like children with their father, went, in dim and  
ghostly guise.

"And, oh!" I said, "how sad you are! how sad! how  
wondrous sad!—  
Oh, hush, my heart! be still, my heart! and, like the  
dark, be dumb!  
Be as the wildrose there that dreams the perfect hour it  
had,  
And cares not if the day be past and death and dark-  
ness come."

---

### *HAUNTERS OF THE SILENCE*

There are haunters of the silence, ghosts that hold the  
heart and brain:  
I have sat with them and hearkened; I have pled with  
them in vain:  
I have shuddered from their coming, yet have run to meet  
them there,  
And have cursed them and have blessed them and have  
loved them to despair.

At my door I see their shadows; in my walks I meet  
their ghosts;  
Where I often hear them weeping or sweep by in  
withered hosts:

Perished dreams, gone like the roses, crumbling by like  
autumn leaves;  
Phantoms of old joys departed, that the spirit eye per-  
ceives.

Oft at night they sit beside me, fix their eyes upon my  
face,  
Demon eyes that burn and hold me, in whose deeps my  
heart can trace  
All the past; and where a passion,—as in Hell the ghosts  
go by,—  
Turns an anguished face toward me with a love that  
cannot die.

In the night-time, in the darkness, in the blackness of the  
storm,  
Round my fireplace there they gather, flickering form on  
shadowy form:  
In the daytime, in the noontide, in the golden sunset glow,  
On the hilltops, in the forests, I have met them walking  
slow.

There are haunters of the silence, ghosts that hold the  
brain and heart:  
In the mansion of my being they have placed a room  
apart:  
There I hear their spectre raiment, see their shadows on  
the floor,  
Where the raven, Sorrow, darkens Love's pale image  
o'er my door.

*REPRINTS FROM CAWEIN'S POEMS**TO A WINDFLOWER*Reprinted from *Myth and Romance*

Teach me the secret of thy loveliness,  
 That, being made wise, I may aspire to be  
 As beautiful in thought, and so express  
 Immortal truths to earth's mortality;  
 Though to my soul ability be less  
 Than 'tis to thee, O sweet anemone.

Teach me the secret of thy innocence,  
 That in simplicity I may grow wise;  
 Asking from Art no other recompense  
 Than the approval of her own just eyes;  
 So may I rise to some fair eminence,  
 Though less than thine, O cousin of the skies.

Teach me these things; through whose high  
 knowledge, I,—  
 When Death hath poured oblivion through  
 my veins,  
 And brought me home, as all are brought, to lie  
 In that vast house, common to serfs and  
 Thanes,—  
 I shall not die, I shall not utterly die,  
 For beauty born of beauty—*that* remains.

*HER PORTRAIT*Reprinted from *Myth and Romance*

Were I an artist, Lydia, I  
 Would paint you as you merit,  
 Not as my eyes, but dreams, descry;  
 Not in the flesh, but spirit.

The canvas I would paint you on  
 Should be a bit of heaven;  
 My brush, a sunbeam; pigments, dawn  
 And night and starry even.

Your form and features to express,  
 Likewise your soul's chaste whiteness,  
 I'd take the primal essences  
 Of darkness and of brightness.

I'd take pure night to paint your hair;  
 Stars for your eyes; and morning  
 To paint your skin — the rosy air  
 That is your limbs' adorning.

To paint the love-bows of your lips,  
 I'd mix for colors, kisses;  
 And for your breasts and finger-tips,  
 Sweet odors and soft blisses.

And to complete the picture well,  
 I'd temper all with woman,—  
 Some tears, some laughter; heaven and hell,  
 To show you still are human.

#### *THE SOLITARY*

Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

Upon the mossed rock by the spring  
 She sits, forgetful of her pail,  
 Lost in remote remembering  
 Of that which may no more avail.

Her thin, pale hair is dimly dressed  
 Above a brow lined deep with care,  
 The color of a leaf long pressed,  
 A faded leaf that once was fair.

You may not know her from the stone  
 So still she sits who does not stir,  
 Thinking of this one thing alone—  
 The love that never came to her.

*THE OLD HERB-MAN*

*Reprinted from The Vale of Tempe*

On the barren hillside lone he sat;  
 On his head he wore a tattered hat;  
 In his hand he bore a crooked staff;  
 Never heard I laughter like his laugh,  
 On the barren hillside, thistle-hoar.

Cracked his laughter sounded, harsh as woe,  
 As the croaking, thinned, of a crow:  
 At his back hung, pinned, a wallet old,  
 Bulged with roots and simples caked with mould:  
 On the barren hillside in the wind.

Roots of twisted twin-leaf; sassafras;  
 Bloodroot, tightly whipped 'round with grass;  
 Adder's-tongue; and, tipped brown and black,  
 Yellowroot and snakeroot filled his pack,  
 On the barren hillside, winter-striped.

There is nothing sadder than old age ;  
 Nothing saddens more than that stage  
 When, forlornly poor, bent with toil,  
 One must starve or wring life from the soil,  
 From the barren hillside, wild and hoar.

Down the barren hillside slow he went,  
 Cursing at the cold, bowed and bent;  
 With his bag of mould, herbs and roots,  
 In his clay-stained garments, clay-caked boots,  
 Down the barren hillside, poor and old.

*VAGABONDS*Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

## I

It's ho, it's ho! when hawtrees blow  
 Among the hills that Springtime thrills;  
 When huckleberries, row on row,  
 Hang out their blossom-bells of snow  
 Around the rills that music fills:

When hawtrees blow  
 Among the hills,

It's ho, it's ho! oh, let us go,  
 My love and I, where fancy wills.

## II

It's hey, it's hey! when daisies sway  
 Among the meads where Summer speeds;  
 When ripeness bends each fruited spray,  
 And harvest wafts adown the day  
 The feathered seeds of golden weeds:

When daisies sway  
 Among the meads,

It's hey, it's hey! oh, let's away,  
 My heart and I, where longing leads.

## III

It's ay, it's ay! when red leaves fly,  
 And strew the ways where Autumn strays;  
 When 'round the beech and chestnut lie  
 The sturdy burs, and creeks run dry,  
 And frosts and haze turn golds to grays:

When red leaves fly  
 And strew the ways,

It's ay, it's ay! oh, let us hie,  
 My love and I, where dreaming says.

## IV

Wassail! wassail! when snow and hail  
 Make white the lands where Winter stands;  
 When wild winds from the forests flail  
 The last dead leaves, and, in the gale,  
 The trees wring hands in ghostly bands:  
     When snow and hail  
     Make white the lands,  
 Wassail, wassail! oh, let us trail,  
 My heart and I, where love commands.

*LATE OCTOBER WOODS*

*Reprinted from The Vale of Tempe*

Clumped in the shadow of the beech,—  
     In whose brown top the crows are loud,—  
 Where, every side, great briars reach  
     And cling like hands,—the beechdrops crowd  
 The mossy cirque with neutral tints  
     Of gray; and deep, with berries bowed,  
 The buckbush reddens 'mid the mints.  
  
 O'erhead the forest scarcely stirs:  
     The wind is laid: the sky is blue:  
 Bush-clover, with its links of burs,  
     And some last blooms,—few, pink of hue,—  
 Makes wild the way: and everywhere  
     Slim, white-ribbed cones of fungi strew  
 The grass that's like a wildman's hair.  
  
 The jewel-weeds, whose pods bombard  
     The hush with fairy batteries  
 Of seeds, grow dense here; pattering hard  
     Their sacs explode, persuade the eyes  
 To search the heaven for show'rs.—One seems

To walk where old Enchantment plies  
Her shuttle of lost days and dreams.

And, lo ! yon rock of fern and flower,  
That heaves its height from bramble deeps,  
All on a sudden seems the tower  
Wherein the Sleeping Beauty sleeps :  
And that red vine, the fire-drake,  
The flaming dragon, seems, that keeps  
The world from her no man may wake.

### *EPILOGUE*

Reprinted from *The Vale of Tempe*

We have worshipped two gods from our  
earliest youth,  
Soul of my soul and heart of me !  
Young forever and true as truth —  
The gods of Beauty and Poesy.  
Sweet to us are their tyrannies,  
Sweet their chains, that have held us long,  
For God's own self is a part of these,  
Part of our gods of Beauty and Song.

What to us if the world revile !  
What to us if its heart rejects !  
It may scorn our gods, or curse with a smile,  
The gods we worship, that it neglects :  
Nothing to us is its blessing or curse ;  
Less than nothing its hate and wrong :  
For Love smiles down through the universe,  
Smiles on our gods of Beauty and Song.

We go our ways : and the dreams we dream  
People our path and cheer us on ;  
And ever before is the golden gleam,

The star we follow, the streak of dawn:  
 Nothing to us is the word men say;  
 For a wiser word still keeps us strong,  
 God's word, that makes fine fire of clay,  
 That shaped our gods of Beauty and Song.

*MALIBRAN*

[1808-1816]

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

(This is the birth-year of the short-lived Italian singer Maria Felicia Garcia, who was extremely popular in Paris for a decade, and who inspired Alfred de Musset's *Stances to Malibran*.)

"Untimely death—A swift and dire defeat—  
 A cloud that darkens Heaven's dark designs"—  
 And yet, to him who reads between the lines,  
 The history is long and rich and sweet.  
 It tells of loud approving hands and feet,  
 Of robust voices—sympathetic signs  
 That charm and stimulate like precious vines;—  
 Of feeling through expression made complete;—  
 And then it tells,—and that is victory,—  
 How this sweet stage-voice moved another voice,  
 The sweetest poet-voice of sunny France,  
 To crown the dead with deathless melody;  
 To weep, that we who listen might rejoice,—  
 Might weep and wonder, aye! and dream perchance.

## Recent Publications

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H. C. BAILEY.—*Colonel Greatheart.* A romance of love and fighting in the days of Roundhead and Cavalier. Illustrated by Ralph. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

MRS. WILSON WOODROW.—*The Silver Butterfly.* A novel in the lighter vein with a very cleverly developed mystery. Color illustrations by Christy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.—*A Commentary.* There is a gently insistent sympathy for the underworld in these thoughtful little sketches of sociological import that will widen the author's appeal beyond that of his strong work in fiction. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.—*The Gentleman.* The best of Marryat and Stevenson went to make this splendid romance of the sea in the days when Nelson nearly lost his honor and his land. A tale for the English navy, it will send a thrill through any man who loves a fight for a nation's right. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

ALICE MACGOWAN.—*Judith of the Cumberlands.* A homely tale of mountain life. Despite the usual mountain still and feud, the story rises to a higher plane through its description of Nature and faithful portrayal of the mountaineer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

KENNETH GRAHAME.—*The Wind in the Willows.* There is rare delight in store for the man who loves Nature as the poet, when he picks up this exquisite little romance of the Rat and the Mole. The author of *The Golden Age* has lost none of his delicacy of sentiment, nor his style its lyric charm. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

MARY R. J. DUBOIS.—*Poems for Travellers*. A dainty little volume of selections inspired by historic personages and places in France, Italy, Greece, etc. Many a traveller in Europe will gladly possess it. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1908.

R. W. GILDER.—*Poems*. The publishers' excellent Household Edition of the Poets is too favorably known to need comment. The editor of *The Century* well deserves to be included in it. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

MARY JOHNSTON.—*Lewis Rand*. A Virginia novel of the days of Jefferson, Hamilton and Burr. A greater book than *To Have and to Hold* through the author's firmer grasp of historical background and finer portrayal of character. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

JOHN FOX, JR.—*The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. One of the best novels to deal with the feud life of the Southern mountains. With swift strokes the author paints a canvas of strong characters in a setting of great natural beauty. The love story in weaker hands would have been impossible. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

F. LAWTON.—*François-Auguste Rodin*. This little book on the great French sculptor is not an abridgment of the author's larger work but is an entirely new sketch to suit its present plan. The treatment is historical rather than critical, although this phase, in so small a book, is fittingly discussed. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1908.

ROBERT HICHENS.—*A Spirit in Prison*. The tale that started so well in *The Call of the Blood* wanes not a whit in interest in this continuation, the scene of which is laid near Naples, whose skies and customs Hichens paints as well as Heyse. The added characters promise surely a third novel. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1908.

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MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.—*The Testing of Diana Mallery*. The fine loveable traits of the writer's earlier heroines seem blended under the creative white fire into this strong and beautiful type of English woman whose devotion makes life worth while. Mrs. Ward may have written a better story from point of interest, but she has never portrayed a stronger group of characters. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1908.

HELEN A. CLARKE.—*Browning's England*. A companion book to the author's *Browning's Italy*. Delightful to read and exceedingly valuable through the intimate way in which are shown Browning's home influences from the time the lad of fourteen happened upon the stray volume of Shelley. Appropriately illustrated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

T. N. PAGE.—*Robert E. Lee*. Mr. Page's recent *The Old Dominion* prepares one for immediate recognition of an excellent *Life* of the great Southerner. The various periods of the man who "surrendered to Duty" are given by one who loved him from boyhood but who has written of him as the historian must, with calm and without bias. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

E. V. LUCAS.—*Over Bemerton's*. English to the core is the delightful humor of this quaint and quiet tale that concerns the doings of a character after the manner of Locke, of *The Morals of Marcus*, who has returned to London after thirty odd years and taken up residence over the delectable second-hand bookstall. Every chapter reveals the author's appreciation of letters and genial insight into life. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

ANNE WARNER.—*The Temptation*. Merely a short story in symbolism, suggestive of European influence, so unlike our own is it in kind or excellence in this *genre*. A tense, unsparing unfolding of the "great passion," revealing the strange beauty and technique inherent in a story of this kind. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1908.

F. W. BAIN.—*An Incarnation of the Snow.* Old-world lore, mediæval *romans d'aventure* and a poetic fancy of unusual and exceeding charm share in the making of the author's unique and beautiful tales after the Hindu, more beautiful yet in their expression. They will be among the books that live with those who know. The faintest suggestion of *Welthumor* adds to the appeal of this one. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

RANDALL PARRISH.—*The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel.* A story of the sea, of a piratical cruise for Spanish treasure long lost in the frozen fields of the Southern ocean. The mystery of the sea and the throb of life grip the reader from beginning to end. The love story is also of absorbing interest. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

A. G. SWINBURNE.—*The Age of Shakespeare.* Swinburne in prose—and the prose of criticism too, with all the distinctive charm of Swinburne, the poet. What a delight in 'store for the reader. The English poet pays a debt in these little appreciations to the dramatists of Shakespeare's time that must win the gratitude of the lovers and critics of Swinburne. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1908.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.—*Pelléas and Mélisande.* Translated by Erving Winslow, with an able and clever introduction by Montrose Moses. This handsome edition of the Belgian dramatist's greatest play, if judged by his intent, following so soon upon the *première* of the Debussy opera in New York and the Damrosch interpretation of the score should find a ready public. Beautiful illustrations from the opera. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

R. C. GAIGE and ALFRED HARCOURT.—*Books and Reading.* Compiled by— The editors really give to this book through their excellent arrangement of selections

and an ever-present personal note, something of the charm of creative literature. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

A. E. HANCOCK.—*John Keats*. Not exactly the *Life* one might expect at this hour, and yet the book is not a disappointment. The interesting review of Keats' life contains many an original estimate of his work which most readers will accept. The book is of the same format as Greenslet's recent excellent *Life of Aldrich*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.—*The Divine Comedy* and *The New Life*. This beautiful edition in the *Thin Paper Poet Series* will easily rank with the many exquisite editions of the publishers and find a place among the select books of the lovers of priceless literature. The Carey and Rossetti translations have been deservedly used. Their notes have been corrected and supplemented by Professor Kuhns, whose introduction is written in a simple, direct and pleasing style. The book is furnished with a Dante frontispiece after the Giotto painting. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

VERNON LEE.—*Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*. The author's name is one to conjure with in the desire to know Italian life, art and letters. Were it not so, it would seem incredible that these unrevised studies could have been written twenty-five years ago. The sister arts of music and literature, not entirely restricted to Italy of the century of Metastasio and Gozzi are interpreted with wide survey and sympathy, and whatever incoherencies there may be—these are hard to find—one will readily pardon as early opinions of an unusual interpretative genius. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

MANY a man lives a burden to  
the earth; but a good book is  
the precious life-blood of a  
master spirit, embalmed and treasured  
up on purpose to a life beyond life.  
'Tis true, no age can restore a life,  
whereof perhaps there is no great loss;  
and revolutions of ages do not oft re-  
cover the loss of a rejected truth, for  
the want of which whole nations fare  
the worse. We should be wary there-  
fore what persecution we raise against  
the living labours of public men, how  
we spill that seasoned life of a man,  
preserved and stored up in books; since  
we see a kind of homicide may be thus  
committed, sometimes a martyrdom,  
and if it extend to the whole impres-  
sion, a kind of massacre, whereof the ex-  
ecution ends not in the slaying of an  
elemental life, but strikes at that eth-  
ereal and fifth essence, the breath of  
reason itself, slays an immortality rather  
than a life. —JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

Vol. III — No. 7

# *The Pathfinder*

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JANUARY, 1909

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Poe  
Centenary  
Commemoration

1809-1909



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## **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

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Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

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Remittances may be sent in stamps, but Money-Order is preferred.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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A monthly magazine *in little* devoted  
to Art and Literature



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The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gilderaleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

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*EDGAR ALLAN POE*

(January 19, 1908)

*By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD*

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In wizard night through haunted houses drear,  
Till the spell makes me half in love with fear;  
Not for the weirder art, the rhymèd stave  
Wailing of lunar wood, and wan sea-wave,  
And lamp, and ghostly bird, and bridal bier,  
Lay I these verses, at this hundredth year,  
Poe, on the marble of thy wintry grave;

But for the unconquerable soul that pain  
Nor poverty with forty stripes and odd,  
Fire in the throat, nor fever in the brain,  
Death in the house, nor calumny abroad,  
Could torture from a faith, not held in vain,  
With service unto Beauty—unto God.

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*THE PERMANENCE OF POE**By CARL HOLLIDAY*

"He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death; but *in his fame he is immortal.*"

We Americans have not taken Poe seriously enough. Why, we exclaim, he has left us no message! Ah, our Puritan tradition; how it hampers us! Let us ask ourselves bluntly: Is it necessary for poets to be preachers? Must they forever be banging us over the head with a rhymed bundle of doctrines? We are continually demanding torch-bearers; but is the worldly eternally in the darkness of night? Is there not some day-light when men may throw down the torch, and simply gaze about and wonder? Poe is not a preaching genius, but a wondering genius. His was simply a wonder, a wild, nervous wonder, over the mysteries of life and death and over the invisible forms that invade our consciousness.

And the people— ah, the people—  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither man nor woman—  
They are neither brute nor human—  
They are Ghouls.

As our civilization grows more aged, the opportunities for individualism will almost vanish, and we shall come to believe with Buddha that abnegation of self is the prime virtue, that the message is all and the messenger nothing. Then, too, in that distant era the soul of man will no longer be filled with cock-sure doctrines, but with wonder and perhaps with awe. In that day the mystic shall exclaim with Poe :

All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.  
I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand—  
How few!—yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep—while I weep!

This may be egoism; but assuredly it is not egotism. He has not attempted to climb Parnassus with a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme. Not that he lacks high seriousness; for may not a man have seriousness in a

love-affair as well as in a rhythmical discussion of the universality of death?

Again, as the ages pass, men will become more intellectual; at least this is our hope. That means a keener appreciation of such an artist as Poe. The mystic suggestiveness of *The Bells* was never meant for the deadened ears of a boiler-maker; the unearthly shadows of *The Raven* are not discernible to those who love rather the glare of the ball-room; the intricate, half-hidden harmonies of *Ulalume* are not apparent to those who prefer a brass-band 'rag-time.' They open themselves in their fulness only to those whose nerves have been made sensitive, aye, even endangered by the long evolution of society. DeQuincey has said: "The artifice and machinery of rhetoric furnishes in its degree as legitimate a basis for intellectual pleasure as any other; that the pleasure is of an inferior order can no more attaint the idea or model of the composition than it can impeach the excellence of an epigram that it is not a tragedy." As people become more cultured they find more delight in pure technical excellence. Indeed, as an escape from an exceedingly real world, they more readily lend themselves to the enchantment of tone and subtle suggestion;

they more readily compel themselves to enter that dreamland which can never exist save in imagination. The English thinker, Symonds, has declared that the true philosophy of life lies in an effort to escape from life; that is, music, painting, and sculpture exist to help us forget actual life. If this be true—and, personally, I doubt it not—the cultured but over-tense race of the far future will turn to such a singer as Poe, to seek heart's ease in the weirdness and sadness of one who has tested life and found it indeed too real.

And now as to his fiction. Just at present we are in the midst of the social-problem story. Alas, Poe does not treat this at all! It must be admitted that in this regard he is considerably behind the times. Therefore, says your radical, his stories are not worth the time required in the reading. Doubtless 'Super-man' Shaw would damn him world without end; for, behold, he never discussed the relations of capital and labor; he never argued whether a man captures a wife, or a wife a man; he never mentioned whether catering to the social evil is a profession. In short, Poe was not a doctrinaire. True, Poe had theories about prose and poetry; but he never allowed his characters to preach these through

a dozen pages while the plot languished. He realized one truth: Literature teaches no system, no science, no creed; it suggests and inspires.

Poe's tales readily divide themselves into four classes: the intellectual problem-plot—such as *The Gold Bug*—where an intricate puzzle is solved; the realistic adventure-story—such as *The Maelstrom*—where dangers develop an abnormal intellectual alertness; the story based on the fascination of terror—such as *The House of Usher*—where a hypnotic spell is wrought by fear; and the story founded on interest in the horrible—such as *The Masque of Red Death*—where the universal itching for details of repulsive incidents is appealed to. Examine these elements! Is there one of them likely to decrease in interest as civilization progresses? Do not the highly intellectual delight in mental puzzles? Do not cultured readers enjoy a rescue wrought by abnormal acumen? *The Maelstrom* was never intended for clod-hoppers; it appeals to the mathematical sense. Will not *The House of Usher* attract more strongly in a distant future, when an ancient civilization shall have bequeathed an over-sensitive, an over-alert nervous system? And, finally, is our interest in

the horrible becoming any less intense as we grow in 'sweetness and light?'

Doubtless Poe was nervously more developed than we. Men say he was abnormal. But the abnormal of to-day is often the normal of to-morrow. If he was super-sensitive; if he was so alert in nervous structure as to find terrors where others find nothing; if his being was so tense as to be set tingling by sounds and lights and waves which make no impression upon us, it is but a sign that he will find more comradeship, more genuine sympathy in days to come. Response to subtle suggestion grows with human progress; it may even sometime wreck the race and send it tumbling to the bottom to start all over again. So long, however, as humanity is struggling upward toward a super-human state, men will turn in their resulting high-strung alertness to Poe and his followers. He cannot die! for he will answer a hungering of the future man.

*FROM POE'S POEMS**TO HELEN*

Printed in 1831

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
 Like those Nicéan barks of yore,  
 That gently, o'er a perfumèd sea,  
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
 To the glory that was Greece,  
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
 How statue-like I see thee stand,  
 The agate lamp within thy hand!  
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
 Are Holy-Land!

*COLISEUM*

Printed in 1833

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary  
 Of lofty contemplation left to Time  
 By buried centuries of pomp and power!  
 At length—at length—after so many days  
 Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,  
 (Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),  
 I kneel, an altered and an humble man,

Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—  
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king  
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!  
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!  
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!  
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!  
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,  
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,  
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—  
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened  
shafts—  
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—  
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—  
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they  
all—  
All of the famed, and the colossal left  
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

‘Not all’—the Echoes answer me—‘not all!  
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever  
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule

With a despotic sway all giant minds.  
 We are not impotent — we pallid stones.  
 Not all our power is gone — not all our fame —  
 Not all the magic of our high renown —  
 Not all the wonder that encircles us —  
 Not all the mysteries that in us lie —  
 Not all the memories that hang upon  
 And cling around about us as a garment,  
 Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.'

*THE HAUNTED PALACE*

Printed in 1839

In the greenest of our valleys  
 By good angels tenanted,  
 Once a fair and stately palace —  
 Radiant palace — reared its head.  
 In the monarch Thought's dominion —  
 It stood there!  
 Never seraph spread a pinion  
 Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
 On its roof did float and flow,  
 (This — all this — was in the olden Time long  
 ago).  
 And every gentle air that dallied,  
 In that sweet day,  
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
 A wing'd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
 Through two luminous windows, saw  
 Spirits moving musically,  
 To a lute's well-tuned law,

Round about a throne where, sitting,  
(*Porphyrogene!*)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
And laugh—but smile no more.

*A WORD ON POE*

Reprinted from *A Plea for Poe* in *Poet Lore*.—Whole Vol. XIII, No. 3.

By GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT

We need poet-critics in judging the literary work of men like Poe; men who, though they may lack the divine-given power to create, possess in fair degree the ability equally divine of recognizing, *in literarum caritate*, genuine poetry.

That we are not charitable in American letters must be the sole explanation of our inability to grasp the higher truth and greater beauty of Europe's Bohemian men of letters. We have looked too long upon our so-called New England school as leaders, and have, in consequence, associated right thinking with right living in the field of letters. Would that it were so! But, since it is not, must we, through our Puritanic standards, shut out those keen intellectual and soul delights which come from reading Goethe, Burns, Byron, Poe, Lenau, Verlaine, Mallarmé?

It were better, perhaps, if we banished all biographical reference to our modern men of letters in reading their prose or poetry, as the most of us do in the presence of the ancients. For how

many a person of uncompromising attitude toward Poe has not stood in ecstasy before some of the masters in the European galleries, whose very blush would have rivalled the God-stolen glory of color which they were worshipping in rapturous awe if they but knew the secret of those lives interpreting Divinity in their pictures! For once these persons were ingenuous, thanks to their ignorance! and the adage is as pointed as ever. If one could see the possible gain in reading Poe, out of his environment, all future reference to the frailty of his flesh would be forgotten; and, I am sure, we should add another great poet to our comparatively small list, or at least we should make him the prince of minor poets.

It is true that we do not have the technical background necessary as yet to a full appreciation of Poe, Baudelaire, Swinburne, or the French neo-Romanticists, notably Verlaine. Where poetry and its study, poetics, is not neglected entirely in America, Whittier and Wordsworth reign supreme as the world's greatest poets. This may account, in part, for the limited reception of Poe's ilk by the *polloi*; but the inference is unfair toward our critics and men of letters, whether professionally engaged

or otherwise. If there is to be a bone of contention, it is to the latter that it must be thrown. They must condemn Poe for failing to do what he professed, limited as that field may be; or, accepting, must give him the praise and love which Europe has sent after him into eternity.

The very essence of his poetic principles, by a strange coincidence, in all justice demands this. "Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle," he says, "by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time, to obtain a portion of that loveliness whose very element, perhaps, appertains to eternity alone." And is not this what every soul, conscious of its mission, tries to do? The only difference between the even flow in literature and the few who stand out salient is that the latter have been able to see, and seeing, have given form and content to these visions of no time and space that win our intellect and hold our emotion. This is the key to those subtle flashes that strike us so often, full in the face, on reading those mighty Titans, Victor Hugo and Rudyard Kipling—with the former especially, whose theory of the grotesque in art is related so closely to that of Poe.

*YOUNG POE BESIDE THE HUDSON**By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES*

Beside the dreamy river  
I meditate and dream  
And wonder if forever  
The phantoms of my dream  
Will sail the dreamy river—

For silent and forever  
In soft delicious stream  
Adown the dreamy river  
Soft pageantries do stream  
Enthralling me forever—

Far flows the dreamy river  
From underworlds of dream  
And drowsy ghosts forever  
From poppied fields of dream  
Pass down the dreamy river—

And drowsily forever  
They beckon from the stream  
As down the dreamy river  
They pass in sleepy stream  
And leave me lost forever—

Lost by the dreamy river  
In poppied dream on dream  
And wond'ring if forever  
The phantoms of my dream  
Will sail the dreamy river.

*POE AND THE GARGOYLES OF ART**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN*

There are two characteristics of the doctrinaire which have proven detrimental to the healthfulness of our literature. One of these is the rank phariseism that has had such a repressing effect upon novel-writing, giving birth to artificialities, false sentiment, and wrong values of life. It is this which caused Mr. George Moore to remark, bluntly, yet truthfully, "*English fiction lacks guts.*"

The second characteristic belongs to the bourgeois mind which enlarges upon the personality and mannerisms of the great, and near-great, throwing an atmosphere of mystery and eccentricity about acts that are really simple, and humanly commonplace.

From each of these aberrations Poe has suffered greatly. And because of them we find a great man winning much admiration, frequent pity, but never love. Here lies the secret of the cause of Poe's disturbed imagination and sorrow. There is scarcely anything in all the category of weaknesses which has not been attributed to him, from moral perverseness to in-

sanity. None of these suffice. Lack of companionship is the largest cause—a lack of some one to understand—some one with sympathy and a great love. Very truthfully has some philosopher, whose name I do not now recall, said : “Fellowship is heaven ; and the lack of it is hell.”

Thus, shorn of all mystery, Edgar Allan Poe was a lonely, hard-working, poorly-paid dealer in the gargoyles of art. He had a penchant for the grotesque, hence the material—to be found in both his verse and fiction—from which the weird, artificial and impossible personality which has been given him, is constructed. Because of a pot, the boiling of which was often extremely uncertain, he was very much given to the business of pot-boiler. Those who knew him intimately, therefore giving the truth sympathetically, tell us that he was rather an old-fashioned gentleman of the Virginian type, genuinely lovable, superlatively sensitive, and loyal in his few friendships. Now and then, when life would allow, he would produce a bit of poetry or a story truly great and lasting. The absence of minds appreciative of his artistic ideals, pitiful poverty, and, as a consequence, much irksome hack-writing, produced the misery of spirit which mediocrity has enlarged into a

fantastic, perverted, "sad bad glad mad" man of genius.

Only this morning I read a recent essay by Mr. Arthur Rickett on the element of vagabondage in the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson. In this I found him recording the amazing fact that some of the friends of R. L. S. find fault with that side of his nature which W. E. Henley characterized as "Something of the Shorter Catechist." It seems quite absurd that anyone should take this criticism seriously enough to offer the slightest defence for our quite civilized, yet altogether delightful, pagan having occasionally shown us the charm of Pan turned whimsical parson. However, this is what Mr. Rickett proceeds to do, which, so far as I am concerned, is quite within his right so long as, in order to prove one man justified, he does not run another man down. Here is what he says:

"And even if you do not care for Stevenson's 'Hamlet' and 'Shorter Catechist' moods, is it wise, even from the artistic point of view, to wish away this side of his temperament? Was it the absence of the 'Shorter Catechist' in Edgar Allan Poe that sent him drifting impotently across the world, brilliant, unstable, as-

piring, grovelling; a man of many fine qualities and extraordinary intensity of imagination, but tragically weak where he ought to have been strong?"

Does not that recall to you favorite phrases of the author of *A Christmas Sermon and Lay Morals* about 'canting moralists?' Can you not hear this pagan parson saying: "There is a certain class, professors of that low morality so greatly more distressing than the better sort of vice, to whom you must never represent an act that was virtuous in itself, as attended by any other consequences than a large family and fortune. . . . Personally, I confess that the thought suggested itself to me that I, too, should have my say about our "sad bad glad mad" brother's lack of poise with a little word about the irresponsibility of the constitutionally unmoral, when, quite suddenly, this favorite verse of old Joaquin Miller stared me reproachfully, like a wounded friend, in the face:

In men whom men pronounce as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot;  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two, when God has not.

'The gargoyles of art!' there you have a phrase which conveys to the mind the kind of mystic romance with which Poe loved to employ his imagination. He had no message for humanity. His friends, at least, cannot accuse him of preaching. The nearest he ever gets to a purpose so far as making any disciples is concerned, is when he would give his fellow-craftsmen some laws governing the production of writing which is ambitious to be classed as art.

Knowing the 'gentle reader's' secret delight in the grisly, grim tales of horror in which much is made by way of appeal to the primitive fear of death to be found in the most of us, he proceeds to gratify him with gastly thrills in miasmic abundance. And, if the occasion demanded, he found it easy "to frighten the evening sky into violent chromo-lithographic effects."

Yet, when Time shall have done her sifting, Edgar Allan Poe will be classed among the immortals because of some three or four poems. It is here he proves himself, and it is here we find ourselves naming him with Burns, Shelley, Keats and Byron. In America I find no greater name.

*MANGAN: THE IRISH POE**By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT*

"Twenty golden years ago" an Irishman told his college class—a class in History—the story of Mangan. That was the first time I had heard the poet's name, though not the first time I had heard his poetry. I can hardly remember the time when bits of *My Dark Rosaleen* were not in my memory, along with *Brian O'Llyn Had an Old Gray Mare* and stories of Dean Swift, all learnt from the old gardener who began my education in things Irish. My Wexford County friend, innocent of reading and writing, had the lines of *My Dark Rosaleen* fairly accurate, and another 'unlearned' Irish peasant, a farm hand over in Jersey, dictated them twice "twenty golden years ago" to a friend of mine almost word for word, though he changed the order of the stanzas and omitted one.

It falls to the lot of few poets, even in a country like Ireland, where so much literature persists in oral tradition, to write verses that are remembered and loved by learned and unlearned alike. It is but the one poem that all know, and its popularity is, of course, based on its patriot-

ism. To-day in Ireland, among the younger generation, Mangan's name, like his *Dark Rosaleen*, is a household word. Young Irishmen who have formal praise only for Allingham and Ferguson and Devere will insist that Mangan is a great poet, contending that his weaknesses of technique are only those of his day. They will resurrect the old quarrel as to whether he learnt his trick of refrain from Poe, or Poe from him; declaring lustily that our own poet was the imitator, as indeed the dates of publication of the poems of the two men seem to show.

It seems to me that of everything Mangan has written it must be said, as Matthew Arnold said of Celtic poetry in general, that it is not great poetry but "poetry with an air of greatness investing it." There is the 'large accent' about *O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire*, by far the finest poem of Mangan's, and its every stanza is plangent with 'lyric cry.' Only now and then, however, are its lines in the 'grand style,' and its general execution is not well sustained. Go to quote it, you find that the lines, separated from the context, lose strength, color and even music. With all its ups and downs, you can best get a sense of its power, a very real and a great power, by reading it through aloud.

The first stanza of *Rury and Darvorgilla* gives you the verse of Mangan in its strength and weakness. There is music like Poe's in the first three lines, a music that is broken by the heavy syllables where light syllables should be in the beginning of the anapæst of the third foot of the last line. As out of place rhetorically, as this 'reckless' is musically, is the 'pen' of the third line.

Know ye the tale of the Prince of Oriel,  
Of Rury, last of his line of Kings?  
I pen it here as a sad memorial  
Of how much woe reckless folly brings.

As in reading DeQuincey and Poe, we are apt to read into Mangan's writing the tragedy of his life. It was a life that sounded the deeps of humiliation and despair, "The grief and grave of Maginn and Burns." Mangan tells us in *The Nameless One*

how, with genius wasted,  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,  
He still, still strove.

*The Karamanian Exile* sounds again the note of despair that is never absent from his writing. Living in Dublin all his days (1803-1849), he felt none the less vividly, although only imagina-

tively, all the sorrow of exile; and he must have been sadly lonely, intellectually and spiritually, although he had more than enough company in the scrivener's and attorney's offices, and in the library where those of his latter years, of which we know anything definite, were spent. Those two notes of lamentation, the lament for exile, and the lament for loneliness, are prominent in his poetry—these and personal despair, and sorrow for the sorrows of his country and her sons, are his chief themes. In *Twenty Golden Years Ago* the lament is softened to that over the passing of youth, and by contrast with the vehemence of his usual outpouring of feeling, this poem's cynicism seems almost genial.

The translations from the German in his *German Anthology* (1845) and the so-called translations from oriental languages are most of them tainted with artificiality. Mangan wrote his best only on the sorrows of his country or his own sorrows. Perhaps had he written in Gælic he could have found a means of expression less artificial than the English in which he usually cast his poems. There is always in his writing the suggestion of the foreigner's use of English.

What you carry away from a study of Mangan is a memory of his story and a permanent impression that there is no poet in English whose verse is so consistently downhearted. On wild days in winter when the wind is loud without and the rain and sleet drive against the panes, certain lines of his *O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire* come to me: "Gray rain in roaring streams," "Showery, arrowy, speary sleet," "Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding winds," as on winter nights when the wind moans I think of the saying of a younger Irish poet, "There is much evil in the crying of wind." Such is the intensity of the best poems of Mangan that you remember their gist when the lines fade from your recollection, and thinking over their subjects and his imaginative realization of them, the poems bulk larger and larger until you persuade yourself they are great poems. The materials of his poems are the materials of great poetry, the passion breaking out in them is the passion of great poetry, but he failed through lack of architectonic power and of inevitability of phrase to make his poetry great poetry.

## Recent Publications

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INGRAM CROCKETT.—*The Magic of the Woods and Other Poems.* Chicago: Plymouth Publishing Co. 1908.

PERCY MACKAYE.—*Mater.* A prose comedy of manners by the author of *Sappho and Phaon*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

MARTIN SCHUTZE.—*Hero and Leander.*—A poetic drama that treats the beautiful legend in a strikingly novel manner. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1908.

H. MACGRATH.—*The Enchanted Hat.* A collection of four clever tales. Color illustrations by Grefé. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

BRIAN HOOKER.—*The Right Man.* One of the best of the recent *chic* novels. Color illustrations by Kimball. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

MARGARET P. MONTAGUE.—*In Calvert's Valley.* A domestic novel of the West Virginia mountains. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.—*The Broken Snare.* The distinctive charm of this tendency novel on marriage lies in its beauty of diction. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co. 1908.

E. D. HANSCOM.—*The Friendly Craft.* A very delightful little pick-up book of letter extracts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

W. H. POLLOCK.—*Impressions of Henry Irving.* Gathered in Public and Private during a Friendship of Many Years. With a preface by H. B. Irving. New York: Longman's, Green & Co. 1908.

MYRTLE REED.—*Flower of the Dusk.* Literary excellence, rare humor, profound sympathy and the storyteller's gift are revealed throughout this beautiful tale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

MRS. LANG.—*The Book of Princes and Princesses.* Edited by Andrew Lang. A handsome book, well illustrated, and of great value to the young mind looking out from fairy land on the world of real personages. New York: Longman's, Green & Co. 1908.

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“IK MARVEL” (1822-1908)

Vol. III — No. 8

# *The Pathfinder*

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FEBRUARY, 1909

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*THE FIRST ACT OF*  
**YZDRA**  
(A Tragedy in Three Acts)  
By LOUIS V. LEDOUX



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All communications should be addressed to the  
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# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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*THE FIRST ACT OF*

*YZDRA*

(A Tragedy in Three Acts)

*By LOUIS V. LEBDOUX*

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## RECENT PUBLICATIONS

*REPRINT FROM EMERSON* (*Back Cover Page*)

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in *little*s devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

**T**IS planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

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Vol. III ]

FEBRUARY, 1909

[ No. 8

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## *THE FIRST ACT OF YZDRA\**

(A Tragedy in Three Acts)

By LOUIS V. LEDOUX

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### CHARACTERS

#### *Indians:*

POROS—Emperor of that portion of India now known as the Central Panjab.

THE PRINCE—His son.

A BRAHMAN.

RAJAH OF ABHISARA.

HALF-WITTED BOY, who serves as a JESTER.

MESSENGERS.

YZDRA'S NURSE. and

YZDRA—Daughter of Poros.

#### *Greeks:*

HEPHAESTION—Alexander's favorite general.

PROTEAS—A follower of the camp.

FIRST SOLDIER.

SECOND SOLDIER.

THIRD SOLDIER.

A PAGE.

A SLAVE. and

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

TIME: 326 B. C.

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This play is founded upon a story told in the *Secreta Secretorum*, a book which falsely purports to be Aristotle's manual of advice to Alexander.

An English version, which dates from about 1400, gives the legend as follows:

"Alexander, thynk of ye doyngc of ye Quene of Inde whenne she sente to the, by cause to haue thy frendschipe, many presentes and noble gyftes amonge ye whilke a full fair mayden was sent to the that of her childhood drank and was norchyd with venyms yn-so-mekyl that her kynde was turned to ye kynde of serpentys. . . . And certaintly, but thou hadde ben warnyd by me there-of, thy seluyn hadde takyn deed, thurgh ye hete of fleschly kennynge with here."

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—An outpost in Alexander's camp.

SCENE II.—Throne-room in the palace of Poros.

SCENE III.—Outside of the house of Yzdra.

#### SCENE I.

*An outpost in Alexander's camp between the Kyber Pass and the River Indus. Three Greek soldiers discovered preparing supper.*

FIRST S.: Is not that soup ready yet?

SECOND S.: Not yet; have patience.

FIRST S.: It is five years since I left Macedon, and in all that time have I had little else but patience. My patience wanes.

THIRD S.: In that we agree with you. All the Greeks talk of nothing but home. It is long since we saw Macedon.

FIRST S.: How much farther is the end of the world, think you?

SECOND S.: I know not. They say this India is a vast realm, and we are now but upon its borders; but what may be beyond, or when Alexander will have enough of conquest, I cannot guess.

FIRST S.: How fares your shoulder?

SECOND S.: But badly; the wound will not heal. I wish that barbarian dart thrower were at the other end of my spear.

THIRD S.: Pray Zeus that the next barbarians be not better marksmen!

FIRST S.: As for me, I lost a great toe before Thebes, was wounded through the body in the battle with Darius, and have had many lesser hurts, yet do I most complain of these long marches whereon hunger feedeth upon me like the vulture on Prometheus.

THIRD S.: In truth we all should give worship to Prometheus, for did he not, like us, suffer for the benefit of others? Our bones cry out with weariness and our stomachs with hunger, while out of all this pain comes what profit?—honor to Alexander.

FIRST S.: That is so, but for one word of praise from him we would march into the outermost ocean or whatever else may be beyond this accursed India.

SECOND S.: Aye! There is no one like him. When we are hungry, he is without food; when we are burned or frozen, he is the same.

THIRD S.: Stand! Who comes?

*Enter Alexander.*

ALEX.: It is I, the King. How go things here?

SECOND S.: Well, my Lord.

FIRST S.: Except for hunger.

ALEX.: It was a hard march today, my children, but what are a little hunger and weariness compared with the honor that we gain? I too am hungry.

SECOND S.: Have you not had supper yet?

ALEX.: No, I wanted first to see to the men. This is a good place for camp.

SECOND S.: We are dry here and have plenty to eat:

ALEX.: That soup smells good; let me have some.

THIRD S.: Our poor fare is not for you, my Lord.

ALEX.: I share the toils with you, and like you am hungry; do you share your supper with me.

SECOND S.: It is not quite ready yet.

ALEX.: Did you find the wild garlic on today's march?

**FIRST S.:** Aye! I found it.

**ALEX.:** Well, I will come back a little later, so do you save something for me.

**ALL THREE:** We will, my Lord.

**ALEX.:** Is your wound well again?

**SECOND S.:** Not yet, I did not think you knew about it.

**ALEX.:** They are slow in healing sometimes. Where is it?

**SECOND S.:** Here, my Lord.

**ALEX.:** They are troublesome there. I was hurt in the shoulder in Cilicia and the wound did not heal for a long time. (*To the First S.*) You remember: you were fighting close beside me that day, well in front, and you too were wounded, were you not?

**FIRST S.:** Just a bruise, but painful enough.

**ALEX.:** You showed courage in that fight.

**THIRD S.:** May it be known, oh King, whither now you lead us?

**ALEX.:** We are approaching the kingdom of one Taxiles, a monarch who rules a fertile land, and beyond him, bordered by a great river, is the mighty empire of Indian Poros, and beyond that;—I know not.

**THIRD S.:** It is far from Macedon, my Lord.

**ALEX.:** Yea, farther than any, save Herakles, adventured before us, and no other has reaped honor like to ours. Heartily, heartily, my men! When you return the Greeks will hold you as demigods, and those who choose to remain I will make rulers over fair cities.

**FIRST S.:** 'Tis so, indeed.

**THIRD S.:** Honor to Alexander!

**ALEX.:** Now farewell; I go throughout the camp seeing that none shall lack.

**THIRD S.:** The soup is almost ready.

**ALEX.:** I cannot linger now. After we have marched all day and are weary you can rest but I have the care of you all upon me. I will come back if all is well.

**ALL:** Farewell, oh King. Long life!

*Exit Alexander. They stand watching him.*

SECOND S.: He knows each one of us as though we were his children.

FIRST S.: None can gain such riches as those who follow him.

SECOND S.: Or such honor.

THIRD S.: He will be Emperor of the world ere long.

SECOND S.: Well, let us eat.

### SCENE II.

*The throne-room in the palace of Poros. The Prince and the Rajah are playing at dice; others are watching the game and lounging about the room. Some lean over the players in excitement. The Prince rises angrily.*

PR.: I play no more! The time is evil-starred,  
And dice have been the bondage of my house.  
I play no more.

RAJ.: My Lord, the luck may change.

PR.: Again I say the time is evil-starred.  
Last night portentous omens broke my rest:  
A wailing jackal would not let me sleep;  
And once I rose from hidden dreams to see  
If yet the golden car of Surya climbed  
The East, when lo! a raven, croaking, passed.  
I know not what may hap, but this I know,—  
Some fate impendeth in the womb of time,  
Some evil fate, with darkness fraught and doom,  
Whose shadow now above our royal halls  
Hangs cloud-like, with its lightnings still in leash;  
But where or how or when the bolt may fall  
I cannot tell.

RAJ.: When lightning strikes, 'tis said  
To choose the tallest trees.

PR.: For this I fear  
The gods have sent misfortune's mandate stern  
To me, or to my Sire, whose royal head  
O'erops our empire in its sovereignty.

RAJ.: Perchance the war with Taxiles; perchance  
This Grecian Alexander who has come  
Through Persia conquering.

**PR.:** Perchance 'tis he.  
The Greeks, indeed, draw near.

*Enter an aged Brahman with two or three disciples following.*

To you I bow,  
Most holy Sage. Your blessing now I crave.

*The Brahman gives his blessing.*

We wait the King.

**BR.:** I join his council here,  
And speak to them of oracles fulfilled.

**RAJ.:** My Lord, the King is even now at hand.

*The sound of trumpets is heard and the King enters in state with the tributary kings who have a row of thrones on the left and lower down than that of Poros; behind each is an ensign bearer. Then follow the counsellors, bow bearers, javelin bearers, etc. Poros ascends an ivory throne, the arms of which are fashioned as elephants with jewelled eyes. Behind is a canopy of peacock plumes. The Prince goes to a throne on the right, opposite the tributary kings. All bow low while Poros ascends.*

**PR.:** All hail the warlike Poros!

**ALL:** Hail! All-hail!

*Poros motions the Brahman to an empty seat beside the Prince and close to the throne, and as he approaches it, stands to receive the benediction of Holy Water, the vessel containing which is handed up by one of the disciples. During the ceremony all bow low as before. Then, at a sign from one of the officials, the trumpet sounds three times. The king rises.*

**PO.:** Be welcome here, ye tributary kings,  
Who, arch-like, prop our dome of sovereignty;  
We bid you welcome here as counsellors;  
For oft while wisdom searches devious ways,  
A hero grasps with tiger-spring the prize,—  
While wisdom weighs the chances, valor acts,  
And action turns the balances of Fate.

*The Rajah of Abhisara, who occupies the throne nearest to Poros, rises.*

**RAJ.**: At your behest, dread Lord, once more we come,  
And own your lordship. Clouds are we, and you  
The lambent sun before whose face we shine  
With borrowed splendor.

**PO.**: Most, indeed, to him  
Is welcome given to whom it most is due;—  
Our sagest counsellor, our noblest friend,  
Who now from lonely meditation deigns  
To come and medicine our ignorance  
With wisdom's healing words. At his request  
Ourselves and each whose voice of right is heard  
Are here assembled. All men know that he  
Has store of precious counsels hoarded safe  
Within his mind's rich casket. Jewels these,  
That Life, the miser, yields alone to him  
Who delves, unsatisfied with lesser good,  
Through years of patient toil in wisdom's mines,  
As he has done; for all his life has passed  
In learning to distinguish good and ill,  
The real and unreal. He has watched the stars,  
And fathoming their courses learned of Brahm;  
The sky has taught him and the populous earth  
To see below the myriad forms of life,  
Whose evanescent phantoms bloom and fade,  
The broad foundation of eternal calm.  
All this we know; yet still we lack the key  
That shall unlock his wisdom's guarded wealth:

*(To the Brahman.)*

We fain would learn the cause that brings us here,  
And wait your words; *(Turning to the others)*  
but ere he speak, let all  
Save those who share our counsels pass without.

*Towards the close of the King's speech, a half-witted Jester, clad in fantastic garb, has crept up to the throne and seated himself on the steps.*

**PR.**: Dost thou share the King's counsel that thou  
sittest there while thy betters withdraw themselves?

**JEST.**: Aye, forsooth. Am I not worthy?

**PR.**: What dost thou know more than these? *(He motions toward those who are leaving.)*

**JEST.**: I know to remain sober.

PR.: Poor Boy! No one offers to waste good wine on thee! 'twere as well to offer peacock's brains to an elephant and say—Good Sir, prithee partake; the morsel is delicate.

PO.: Enough of this; peace, Boy, peace.

*Poros motions him to leave but he steals in behind the others and overhears the conference.*

Good Sir, we wait to hear your wisdom speak,  
This Fool has much abused our clemency.

BR.: The lotus flowers have spread upon the streams;  
The Pleiades have risen, wheeled and set  
Some twenty seasons since the moonless night  
When I, observing fixedly the stars,  
Saw strange conjunctions spelling love and death,  
And offered sacrifice, whose omen told  
Of one new-born within the royal house  
Who held the fate of empires in her hand.

PR.: Within the royal house?

RAJ.: What maid was that?

BR.: No more I learned; but marked within the West  
A warlike planet flaming through the sky  
That other stars grew pale and one went out,  
But passing burned a moment lurid, red.

PR.: Could wisdom teach you what events might cast  
Such shadows on the calm blue eyes of night  
That look upon the world?

BR.: In doubt I left  
The deep seclusion of my forest life,  
And took the long untrodden path which led  
To where ye strove with unrealities.

RAJ.: These unrealities seem real indeed,  
To us who strive, and striving win or lose.  
Your pardon, Sir, I speak untutored words,  
But from the heart.

BR.: Like soldiers ye are pressed  
By those around and see naught else; but I,  
The chief, observe the general battle's plan.  
Ye strive for present vantage, I for good  
Unseen.

PR.: Yet both perchance are naught. Who knows?

PO.: We wander from our purpose, Sir, speak on.

BR.: I moved through darkness onward, till the dawn  
Came stealing pallid up a cold grey East,  
When met me runners telling how the Queen,  
In dying, bore a maid of matchless form —  
Divinely fashioned in her babyhood.

PR.: My hidden sister! I was then a child,  
But do remember dimly. Lives she yet?

PO.: She lives, but I have never seen her face.

RAJ.: That seems most strange.

PO.: The gods demanded her  
And I did yield, though much against my will.

BR.: I offered sacrifice to read her fate,  
But sudden blindness fell upon my sight;  
In trance I stood and tranced thus I spoke:

*"The gods have willed the tender maid should grow  
In solitude, on poisons fed until  
She gains their power, and this in time shall be."*

RAJ.: On poisons fed, to grow a poisonous thing!

PR.: On poisons! Sire, to rear a Princess thus  
Is horrible!

PO.: Yet thus the gods decreed  
She should be reared; and I obeyed their will.  
On poisons she was fed.

PR.: But for what end?

PO.: The gods no reason gave.

BR.: At least not then,  
For on my eyes the day returning rolled;  
I knew no more. The King remembers well  
My words oracular, but ye are strange  
To these most sure events I now relate.

PO.: Aye, well do I remember; and the babe  
Was given in charge unto a skillful nurse,  
By this same Brahman brought. They took her  
hence,  
And sent report each year of how the maid,  
To fuller stature grown, grew still more fair.

BR.: As wise as fair, for I have taught her much.

PO.: At last her youth has bloomed to womanhood.

More strangely beautiful than Love itself;  
 But so her life is with the poison charged  
 That death to man within her kisses lurks.

BR.: The King speaks truth: her kiss is present death;  
 She kills with sweetness like a poisoned flower.

PR.: This is an awful thing.

RAJ.: And very strange.

PR.: I almost doubt its truth.

BR.: Yet true it is.

RAJ.: But have you any proof?

PO.: We need no proof  
 Beyond the oracle, yet proof there is.

BR.: Not long ago she kissed a little child,  
 And some few hours thereafter, lo! it died.

PR.: That leaves no doubt.

RAJ.: It might have had the fever.

PO.: 'Tis impious to doubt; I am convinced.

RAJ.: The fever was abroad: it might have been;  
 And yet this death confirms the oracle:  
 It must indeed be true.

PO.: The truth is clear;  
 But what the further will of Siva plans  
 For her I do not know; nor whose the lot  
 To cull this deadly flower of loveliness.

JEST: (*Aside.*) Oh, horrible! horrible! I pray Siva  
 that she be not preserved for me.

BR.: Now come we to the point. Three nights ago  
 A dream disturbed my rest, with presage dark,  
 That thus I do interpret: Persia's king,  
 The Grecian Alexander, eastward leads  
 His conquering armies. Men and power are his—  
 The Macedonian phalanx none can face;  
 Besides, the gods of favor grant him youth  
 With riper wisdom tempered; courage, skill,  
 And steadfast purpose. Now, let Poros send  
 To him the maid, enrobed in loveliness,  
 To offer friendship from our kingdom's chief,  
 And bind in marriage bonds himself to us.  
 Thus wisdom reaches where your valour fails;  
 The youth is amorous and frank withal,

And would accept such offers frankly made,  
If backed with other gifts befitting kings;  
But let him once her poisonous kisses drink  
He dies a present death — most sure and swift.

Po.: No need of this! I fear not any man;  
Much less this Grecian. What have we to fear  
Who lead against him fifty thousand men  
With chariots and elephants! Could he  
With usèd, wayworn troops, afar from home,  
Defeat our army and subdue ourself!  
"Tis madness thus to think! I will not stoop  
To crave alliance with this upstart youth,  
Who smote the Medes in beds of luxury,  
And knows not how a warrior people fight.  
We wait his coming. Should he dare to come  
We meet him battling manlike, face to face.  
We fear him not: what says our valiant son?

*During this speech, the Rajah and the tributary kings have shown signs of approval. The Prince has stood in deep thought.*

Raj.: (*Aside*).  
Though valorous in action, slow to strike,  
I fear his counsel.

Pr.: (*Slowly and thoughtfully*).  
Sire, your words are just;  
Before your age, your wisdom and your throne  
I bow submissive, yet my thought finds voice.  
"Tis rashness more than bravery to fight  
Unnecessary battles, risking thus,  
Through pride, our subjects, wealth and empery;  
And when the gods have shown in oracles —  
By him made manifest who speaks their will —  
The way to cope with present circumstances,  
To choose another means were blasphemous,  
And fraught with swift disaster: Gods avenge.

Raj.: My Liege, till now has Taxiles alone  
With unsubmissive eyes beheld your reign;  
Your only foe was he; your only dread;  
And first to him must Alexander come  
In marching eastward from the bounds of Ind.  
Then, like an eagle when two lions fight,  
Will you, unscathed, behold the bloody strife;

Until upon the victor, torn and weak,  
You swoop with conquering pinions. Thus, my  
Lord,

Your foes defeat each other: Yours the spoils.

PO.: Let Taxiles and Alexander fight!  
We sitting watchful, strike when both are weak.  
No need to bend our royal dignity  
Before young Macedon.

(*To the Brahman.*) Your pardon, Sir,  
That thus we plan our present policy,  
Observing not your precepts. Thanks we give,  
And reverence. Your wisdom passes ours  
But not in this.

BR.: Nay, hear me speak; the gods—

PO.: You have not read in this their will aright.  
Our choice is clear.

RAJ.: And just.

PR.: My Father, pause!

PO.: (*Rising.*) I overrule all further conference.

*Enter a Messenger hastily. He is soiled with travel. He bows and Poros motions him to speak.*

MES.: Taxiles has received Alexander into his capital and has formed an alliance with him for the purpose of conquering our kingdom. They are already collecting reinforcements, but the Grecian plans to rest his army for some weeks before starting.

BR.: The gods are swift avengers.

PR.: Ah, the gods!

*The Rajah and the tributary kings look dumbfounded.*

RAJ.: With Taxiles and Alexander both  
We cannot cope.

PO.: Our will is overruled  
By Siva's will. The maiden shall be sent;  
Let some provide a stately embassage  
And fitting gifts. Abhisara shall lead.

(*To the Brahman.*)

Do you instruct the Princess in our will,  
But let her not suspect her poisonous power.

*He bows to the Brahman and then as the curtain falls, he goes out followed by his train.*

## SCENE III.

*A jasmine bower under a blossoming mango tree outside the forest home of Yzdra. A practicable door on the right.*

*Yzdra discovered walking about and talking to the Nurse, who sits at the base of the tree. Yzdra resembles Poros slightly but enough to suggest the idea of heredity.*

Yz.: The night has laid once more its soothing hand  
Upon the eyes of Life. I sometimes dream  
That love is like the moonlight after day—  
A touch of peace; and then the lightning flash  
Seems like to love;—this love I have not known  
But fain would know. Ah me! My heart is sick  
Tonight. I long—and yet for what I long  
I cannot tell.

*She moves about touching the flowers tenderly.*

The placid moonlight rests  
Upon my jasmine flowers that gleam like stars;  
The timid fawns, the birds are all at peace,  
Save only Bulbul, who with passionate heart  
Still yearns, and yearning cries across the night  
A sadness undefined that answers mine.  
How beautiful is this our forest home,  
Where every season brings some fresh delight!  
And yet I find no more the old content  
In birds and flowers, the moonlight and the dawn.

*After a pause she goes over to the Nurse, kneels down and starts to put her cheek against the Nurse's. The Nurse shrinks away and pushes her back.*

My life is incomplete, it something lacks;  
Perchance this very love I dream about.  
Would I be happy could I feel a kiss—  
A warrior's kisses burning on my lips,  
Strong hands about my breasts; a man's strong  
hands  
And not like his—the only man I know?  
This Brahman makes me shudder, yet is kind.

NURSE: It may be even now a lover comes.

Yz.: (*Playfully.*)  
Who seeks for me alone throughout the world?

(*The Nurse makes an ill-tempered gesture of ascent.*)

And Kama's shafts at last shall sting in me—  
No more a girl, but woman fully grown?

*Enter the Brahman from the forest. He hears the last lines.*

BR.: You dream of love; I love's fulfillment bring.  
*He blesses her. The Nurse goes into the house.*

Yz.: With blessings, holy Sage, your pardon give  
That thus my inmost mind is disarrayed,  
And all my heart disclosed to your ear.  
Accept, although delayed, no less sincere  
A welcome.

BR.: Fair you seem to-night, and pure  
As conquering souls that merge themselves in  
Brahm.

'Tis right a maiden's heart should dream of love,  
For so the gods have willed. These moonlit flowers  
With nature's incense fill the drowsy air;  
'Twere hard, my child, to leave so sweet a spot!

Yz.: Not hard for me! I full confession make,  
Since you of half my counsel are aware;  
This solitude and silence pall me quite;  
A woman grown, I long for woman's life;—  
To see the ways of cities and the court,  
To know the valiant princes of my race,  
To smile above the tourney, choosing out  
Some hero who will call me Queen and Wife;  
And after that to live as she of whom  
Our ancient writings speak, whose love was strong  
To bend relentless Yama to its will,  
And bring her lord from death's domain to life.  
And then I long to do some worthy deed,  
Or service to the State.

BR.: Aye, that were good.

Yz.: 'Tis surely best to live and not to dream.

BR.: (*With double meaning;—half to himself.*)  
A maiden's dreams are far indeed from life.

Yz.: Full well I know the blossoming of flowers,  
The Koël's cry, the rise and set of stars,  
But yet I miss the meaning of the world

Off here alone; of much rest ignorant,  
 And much—yea, very much I lack. Good Sir,  
 My words are wild and may offend, but speak  
 I must.

**BR.:** Some deed of courage you would do?

**Yz.:** To do is mine, to act; for I am strong;  
 Yea, very strong, and was not born to watch  
 The dull monotony of dawn and dusk  
 In meaningless passivity. There flows  
 Within my veins a warrior-people's blood;  
 I long to live my life before men's eyes,—  
 A Princess of my house.

**BR.:** What would you do?

**Yz.:** What Siva plans for me—that would I do,  
 But well I know I was not made for this  
 Half life, grown empty now of good or charm.  
 I long to live my life, to do some deed,  
 And live in fame to future ages sung.

**BR.:** You have been still a child, but now you seem  
 A very woman, yea, a Queen indeed.

**Yz.:** Part girl, part woman, and part man I think,  
 But all alive with youth and eagerness  
 To do and dare, to live, and greatly love.  
 Ah, life I crave with all its splendid chance,  
 Its days of action, and its nights of love;  
 Not this poor shadow-world wherein I faint;  
 Yet know my strength.

**BR.:** What further would you ask  
 Or tell?

**Yz.:** The nurse, who loved me well of old,  
 Has acted strangely toward me; now no more  
 She lets me nestle close, or kiss her cheek,  
 As was my wont. And once, not long ago—  
 It was the day I found the first spring rose—  
 There came a child, who, heeding not his way,  
 Had hither roamed. I took the baby up  
 And held it to my heart and kissed its lips,  
 When lo! my nurse came running in a fright,  
 And snatched it from me; then, before the dusk,  
 A fearful sickness through its body stole;

And when the morning bloomed I found it dead.  
But she avoids my questions, tells me naught.

(Enter Nurse).

I ask you this: Why did she snatch it so?

BR.: The fever kills thus swiftly oftentimes.

YZ.: But why must I — a woman — live deprived  
Of full-orbed life and love? You cage me here  
By what authority?

BR.: (Aside.) Poor child, Poor child!  
This life she craves bears bitter fruit for her.

(To Yzdra.)

My Yzdra, now has come the time of your  
Releasement; now I lead you out toward life,  
That seems so beautiful when seen afar —  
Toward life and love.

YZ.: Toward love? O tell me who!  
What way of life is mine, what happy fate?

BR.: With you I go to seek an Emperor  
Who rules o'er half the world — a valiant man  
And young; to him would Poros give your hand,  
A bond of firm alliance 'twixt the states.  
The rest I shall untold within the house.

NURSE: (Aside.)  
A bond of death! I would not have his lot.

YZ.: (Dreamily.)  
An emperor, a valiant man, and young!

(Turning to him.)

How could a maiden reared in forest ways  
And ignorant of courts succeed to please  
A king like him —  
(Murmuring) who rules o'er half the world?

BR.: A woman's instinct teaches more than courts.

YZ.: But look! The petals of the dawn unfold,  
Like woman's love from girlhood blossoming —  
A presage this of future happiness.

BR.: I follow you within.

YZ.: Till then, farewell.

*She bows for his blessing and then walks gladly  
toward the house.*

BR.: (*To Nurse*):

At court will Poros give you recompense.  
We shall not need you more.

Yz.: Can she not come?

BR.: You will not want her in the glad new life.

Yz.: Farewell, then, Nurse, and give me joy at last.

*She goes up to embrace her. The Nurse shoves her away.*

NURSE: Nay, touch me not.

(*To the Brahman*.) I am well rid of her.  
I go to seek the king and claim my wage.

Yz.: You will not say "Farewell?"

*The Nurse goes off toward the forest. Yzdra looks sadly after her for a moment.*

What can it mean?

*Exit Yzdra into the house.*

BR.: (*After a pause. Watching her*).

The ways of fate are dark and hard to tread.

*Enter Rajah.*

RAJ.: I trust she will be ready by the morn.

BR.: Aye ready will she be, and glad she is  
To learn of life.

RAJ.: Poor child! She does not guess  
Her power?

BR.: No, and never shall guess till  
The deed is done; for all the retinue,  
Except ourselves, are ignorant as she.

RAJ.: I bring the King's provision to her house.

BR.: Much yet remains to do; I go within.

RAJ.: She must be kept aloof from all her maids.

BR.: I will arrange for that.

RAJ.: Now fare you well.

*Exeunt—the Brahman into the house and the Rajah toward the forest. The stage is vacant for a moment, then attendants carry equipments into the house. One of them leaves a spear beside the door. After some have come out again, enter Yzdra from the house. Voices are heard within.*

Yz.: Oh, Life! Life! Life! An emperor and young;  
 A valiant man; and Persia's king as well!  
 Have dreams come true? My head is all awhirl.  
 But why have I been kept till now, so long  
 In solitude and ignorance? Why must they still  
 Slink sideways from my questions, tell me not  
 What most I seek to learn — why this has been?  
 There is some mystery; but now, ah, well!  
 It does not matter now, for life is mine.  
 But, soft, for someone comes.

*Enter the Jester from the forest. He appears frightened and disheveled, and looks about him half timorously, half vacantly.*

What wouldest thou here?

JEST.: I followed on their track that I might see  
 Them when they start.

Yz.: Who start, and who art thou?  
 JEST.: It has been very dark, and far it seems  
 From home. I wish that I were back again.  
 What noise is that?

Yz.: A beast that passed, no more.  
 JEST.: I wish that I were safely back again.

Yz.: Whence didst thou come?

JEST.: I know not who you are.  
 Yz.: I am the Princess Yzdra; who art thou?

JEST.: The Princess Yzdra?

Yz.: Nay, it is not strange  
 That thou hast never heard of me, for all  
 My life till now has passed in solitude —  
 Alone from infancy.

JEST.: (Not quite understanding but remembering  
 dimly). In solitude?  
 Alone.

Yz.: (Yzdra moves toward him.)  
 But tell me what thou seekest, then  
 The Brahman here will teach us of the way.

JEST.: The Brahman? You, alone?

*She steps nearer to him and he shrinks away, but does not yet quite realize who she is.*

Yz. :

I wonder why  
This boy seems so afraid of me. Poor thing!  
The Princess I; I would not hurt thee. Come.

*He looks around as though wanting to run, but cowers back against the tree.*

JEST.: The Princess! Off! Stand off!

Yz. :

Poor boy! Poor boy!  
*As she moves still nearer to him, he seizes a stone as if to throw it at her.*

In truth I would not hurt thee. See how kind  
I am. Thou seemest like a little child  
Whom I could hold beside me; almost kiss  
In pity.

*He starts to throw the stone; but seeing her step up to him, evidently unafraid, he hesitates.*

Why, what ails thee now? But see  
How kind the hand that rests upon thy head.

JEST.: O gods! The poisoned kiss! the poisoned kiss!  
I would not die. 'Twas not for me they reared  
You thus. Oh, touch me not!

*He cowers down at her feet. She places her hand gently on his head.*

The kiss! and death!

*He falls on the ground, sobbing convulsively.*

Yz.: The kiss and death? The poisoned kiss? 'Twas  
not

For me they reared you thus? Oh, touch me not?  
The kiss and death? The poisoned kiss? What can  
He mean? Poor boy, his wits are all distraught.

*Moving from him, then, after a pause, looking around at him.*

Poor boy! (*She stands musing.*)

The poisoned kiss. The kiss and death.

*She shakes her head; and then, suddenly beginning to understand, a look of agony comes into her face.*

The child I kissed that died! My forest life!  
The nurse that shrinks away! (*Wildly.*)

It cannot be.

*She staggers and supports herself against the tree.*

Why lead me out and show me aught of life,  
If life is not for me?

(Thinking.) The poisoned kiss.  
And death. He said what else? I must remember.  
He said 'twas not for him. What then? For whom?

(Suddenly understanding it all.)  
For Alexander death!

And what for me?

I must learn more.

(As she staggers toward the Jester, the Brahman enters.) Thou crawling snake! Thou mock  
Of holiness! What good to thee shall come  
From Alexander's death, my poisoned life?

BR.: What meaneth this?

YZ.: (Trying to control herself.)

He told—he told me all.

*The Brahman makes a sudden movement toward the Jester, and then, changing his mind, steps to the door and motions an attendant. He whispers to him and then the attendant leads out the Jester.*

BR.: (Half to himself.)

No prattle more from him.

YZ.: Thou takest life—

A human life against the holy Law?

BR.: The Law must bend before necessity.

YZ.: (Seizing the spear and stepping towards him.)

Then I take thine, thou jackal masked as man,  
Thou grey hyena tricked in holy weeds;  
The blood of all the princes of my race  
Comes battling upward round about my heart;  
Unsexed, I stand a hero of my house,  
And claim the vengeance due, a coward's death.

*She steps forward to strike him; but he gazes at her unflinchingly and raises his hand, exercising his old authority over her.*

BR.: Turn not on me, my child, but pause and think.

YZ.: (Wildly.) But pause and think!

(Cowed by his power over her and speaking very low.)

O God! I hate you so!

(Aloud again.)

'Tis time to strike, not think; to strike with hate,  
To trample out your life or spurn you hence.

BR.: You go to Alexander; should he die  
His queen would hold dominion o'er the world.  
To rule the world were not so hard a lot.

Yz.: O base, base, base as demons scorned by Brahm!  
I would not stoop to this—a coward's deed.

(She commences to break down under the strain.)  
But tell me why my life is poisoned thus.

BR.: Yzdra, you have but me to trust; no more  
A child, but woman fully grown, I trust  
Your womanhood, your blood, and tell you all.  
Before your birth the gods decreed that you  
Should live on poisons, gain this poisonous power,  
But kept their reasons hid until but now,  
When oracles revealed the state must fall—  
The King, your Father, lose his rule, his life,  
Unless the Grecian army's march were stopped  
By death to Alexander brought by you.

Yz.: But what of me, who had my life to live—  
My happy human life, my hope of love,  
That you have baffled darkly from my birth?  
I stand here impotent and gaze at life,  
A nameless horror, loathed by the world.  
Give back the life you took away from me!

BR.: Not loathed by the world but named of men  
In bright emblazonry on honor's scroll,  
As she who saved her country, saved her sire,  
A maiden hero worthy of her race.

Yz.: What owe I to a sire I never saw—  
A sire who leagued with thee to break my life?

BR.: The gods have willed; the gods must be obeyed.

Yz.: I will not do it; could not stoop so low.

BR.: (Rising to his full dignity and threatening her.)  
The mandates of the gods must be obeyed;  
If not, upon your soul the consequence.

Yz.: It cannot be!

BR.: Have you forgot so soon  
The hour I told you of your father's will?

Yz.: Oh, God! So sweet it was!

Br.: You told me then  
You longed to do some service for the state;  
To do some mighty thing, some valiant deed;  
And now you falter when the chance is come.

Yz.: It was my dream of girlhood.

Br.: Poros asks  
His daughter to be worthy of her sire—  
To give herself, as many men have given  
Themselves, to save her land and ancient race.

Yz.: I am a Princess worthy of my line;  
I would obey my sire, obey the gods,  
Would save the state and be a queen in all;  
But not through baseness.

Br.: This could not be base:  
This deed the gods command will men revere  
Until they set you with the gods themselves,  
And build a shrine, and come in pilgrimage  
To pray your aid whene'er your country needs.  
Your speech is royal but you act the slave.

Yz.: I could not do it.

Br.: Yet you could not live  
The life you dreamed, whichever course you chose.  
*The expression of hate comes back into her face.  
She steps forward grasping the spear tightly, and  
is about to strike, but pauses again overawed by the  
old authority.*

In one your name will be forever praised  
As she who loved her country, served her gods;  
The other course, if taken, brands your name  
As one who, disobeying King and gods  
Through woman's weakness, fell as falls a tree  
By lightning shattered. Not alone this life  
You lose; through bleak eternities of lives  
The gods will hunt you, flying from their wrath—  
A horrow to yourself, a name of scorn.

Yz.: It cannot be! It cannot, cannot be!  
I could have been so happy living life,  
A woman merely in some humble lot;  
A wife and mother, feeling tiny hands  
Reached out for my protecting mother love;

Or just a careless girl as once I was  
 Among my jasmine bowers, with dreams for life.  
 So little would have made me happy; now—

BR.: Aye, now you choose the brand of infamy,  
 Or glory ever brightening, sung of men,  
 A name for poets' hearts to conjure with.

YZ.: I could have been so happy, would have asked  
 So little. Oh, to sink at once in Brahm,  
 Forgetting all the pain, the broken hope!  
 And yet I would find vengeance ere I die!

BR.: Accept the way of duty marked divine.

YZ.: It may be I shall try. Now leave me here  
 Alone, yea, all alone. I cannot stand  
 It more. In pity for my weakness go.  
 It may be I shall do it. Go.

BR.: I go,  
 But charge you on your conscience, for your weal,  
 To do the gods' high will, and save the state.

*She sinks down hiding her face.*

YZ.: Go! But go!

BR.: The gods decree that you  
 Shall save your people and your father. Now  
 I go. A little later you yourself  
 Will see where honor points. Till then farewell.

YZ.: (*Rising.*)  
 I shall do what I will; my life is mine—  
 My little left of life—nor owe I aught  
 To country or to kin, to you or him,  
 But vengeance, vengeance, vengeance! Now be-  
 gone.

BR.: Consent unto our plan or die tonight.

YZ.: Or die tonight!

BR.: Aye, such is Poros' will.  
 You know the choice. Farewell.

*Exit.*

YZ.: Or death tonight!

[*End of Act I.*]

## Recent Publications

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.—*The Quiet Singer and Other Poems.* A volume of verse that carries the mark of genuine poetry. The exquisite elegy to Francis Thompson will live. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co. 1908.

MISS BETHAM EDWARDS.—*Literary Rambles in France.* It really matters little whether you have visited the haunts of Balzac, George Sand, Mérimée and the other men of letters treated in this book for the author's angle of vision affords a novel and refreshing prospect. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

ANNA BENNESON MCMAHAN.—*With Shelley in Italy.* Admitting the author's thesis that it is the Italian note in Shelley's poetry that makes it great, she has certainly done justice to her subject. The book gives a most delightful and coherent picture of the impressions made upon the English poet (1818-1822) by this land of magic beauty. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906.

H. M. ALDEN—*Magazine Writing and the New Literature.* The periodicals in the English language that have been the media of our great creative literature and the tendency of the latter in more recent days are discussed in a very readable style. The ripe culture and wide range of reading give to the writer's judgments something of the mark of finality. A valuable book for college English courses. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1908.

W. H. LOW.—*A Chronicle of Friendships,* A life romance that needs no "excuse for being." In these days of slipping ties of friendship this most charming account of the writer's associations at Paris and elsewhere with many of marked destiny, notably R. L. Stevenson, and of the eventful happenings in his own interesting life make indeed a book worth while. Beautifully illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

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From EMERSON's *Abraham Lincoln*.

Vol. III — No. 9

# *The Pathfinder*

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MARCH, 1909

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A New Apostle of the  
Simple Life

By JULIAN PARK



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# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, Editor

**T**HIS is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furt, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gilderaleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

# *The Pathfinder*

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[Vol. III]

MARCH, 1909

[No. 9]

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## *TO A MEMORY*

*By ALICE LINDSEY WEBB*

When years have passed, and I can see no more  
The green trees wave beyond the swelling hill,  
The daisied field, the shallow, pebbled rill ;  
When sunshine, pouring golden through the door,  
Is all that still remains of Nature's store  
Of out-of-door delights, enjoyed at will  
Throughout my youth, when I did drink my fill  
And wandered joyous as the young birds soar:  
When days have come, dim-eyed, of palsied hand,  
To hold me in a leash of slow decay —  
It may be on a bed of mortal pain —  
Then turn the hour glass; let the running sand  
Of lost years bring me back one perfect day,  
That with its memory my life may wane.

*A NEW APOSTLE OF THE SIMPLE LIFE**By JULIAN PARK*

The legitimate successor to Walter Pater as essayist is a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and his name is one that has become familiar through six books of essays. Archbishop Benson left a legacy as varied as it is precious. The oldest son is Arthur Christopher Benson, essayist, academician, reformer; the middle son, E. F. Benson, is a novelist, with a talent all his own; and Robert Hugh, the youngest, was five years ago ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood, and his parish is in the same town where his more famous brother holds a fellowship at Magdalene. In a literary way, he is the least prolific, but the most painstaking of the three. In the one volume of essays which he has to his credit, he interprets the offices of the Romish church, firstly by a pariah—a layman and an alien—then by the same outcast converted.

Thus the lives of both the youngest and the oldest brothers reflect in their art the seclusion and calm of their academic and priestly lives. But Mr. A. C. Benson has one advantage over

his brother, for he can spend his whole time in mediation and philosophy. His mission is new to America, and his remarkable popularity here augurs well. Pastor Wagner has paved the way for an even more successful advocate of the simple life.

Charles Wagner and Arthur Benson have still more in common, for Mr. Benson, too, is a writer who never puts pen to paper without saying something. Wayfarers who travel the path of his pages have one comfort which is not always available to other travelers: they are sure of the direction in which they are going; and not only that, but are made to enjoy the traveling and to have plenty to look at on the way. Indeed, the quickly-changing panorama is one of the pleasantest things about the trip; it is astonishing with what an easy transition we are whirled from a logical consideration of education in the public schools (Mr. Benson's pet subject) to gaze upon a water vignette—one of many which gave to his best book its title of *Beside Still Waters*—portraits that set one wistfully to dreaming and remembering; such as this:

"The new rushes were beginning to fringe  
the edges of the tiny lake, but the winter sedge  
stood pale and sere and filled the air with a dry

rustling. The water was as clear as a translucent gem, and Hugh saw that life was at work on the floor of the pool, sending up rich tresses of green-haired water-weed. The copse was green under foot, full of fresh, uncrumpled leaves. He sat down beside the pool; the silence of the wide fields was broken only by the faint rustling of sedge and tree, and the piping of a bird hid in some darkling bush hard by."

Such a picture, drawn in its unstudied simplicity, sets one dreaming, or one is certainly not "of such stuff as dreams are made of." But notice how artlessly the materials, cheap and common enough, are put together. Of just such "verbal magic" is Stevenson's *Inland Voyage* composed; so is it with Daudet's *Mill*; and Mr. Benson realizes that it is the beauty of art to make us wistful.

Wistful, however, is not quite what we all want to be. Is it not almost criminal to urge dreaming and meditation, keeping company with only the "silence of the wide fields," upon men with red blood in their veins? But a life of healthy vigour and activity, a life in the country with one's books and friends, need not be changed for the strenuous life. Strength can be exercised and energy put forth without strain.

There is a possible placidity that can go with the whole exertion of a man's powers, as well as a possible simplicity that can go with entire fulness to the making up of the satisfactions of his life, and the wisest thing he can do is to train and cultivate himself in these. Such, in brief, is the delightful philosophy of life which the Oxford essayist has set himself the task to teach. In his paper on *Contentment* he ordains himself to that philosophy as the special mission of his gifted pen.

Above all else, it is Mr. Benson's purpose to show that the seeming successes and pleasures for which men fight each other are illusive and vain shadows, compared with the gifts of happiness and contentment, peace and calm, that are free to those who will partake and that need not to be snatched from others' hands. In fact, the gospel that he detests in *Beside Still Waters*, is the "gospel of success, the teaching that everyone ought to be discontented with his setting, that a man ought to get to the front, clear a space around him, eat, drink, make love, cry, and strive and fight. It is all to be at the expense of feebler people. That is a detestable ideal because it is the gospel of tyranny rather than the gospel of equality." His desire is to en-

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courage the quite different individualism of him "who realizes that the hope of the race depends upon the quality of life, upon the number of people who live active, quiet, gentle, kindly, faithful lives, enjoying their work, and turning for recreation to the nobler and simpler sources of pleasure—the love of literature, poetry, Nature, and art." Certainly both Hugh Neville, in *Beside Still Waters*, and "T. B." in the *Upton Letters*, are ardent seekers and interpreters of the true and beautiful as they, or Mr. Benson, see it.

In whichever way they may be found, accordingly, happiness and contentment are the fundamental things. Our author just misses being optimistic by a vague note of the wistful, or even of the morbid; but Dr. Van Dyke happily characterizes him as "melioristic." Above all, however, he is plain and to the point. What a simple theory of life it is that Mr. Benson lays down for us—that we are meant to be happy if we can, and that a great many people miss happiness because they have not the courage to pursue it in their own way. Probably the most independent disciple of this doctrine is Thoreau. We are inclined to pity the lonely hermit, who rejoiced as he made his best friend, Nature, balance the loss of everything which we deem

necessary. Thoreau had the courage to hold certain opinions; he was brave enough to encourage certain tastes; he dared to make the most of a certain faculty. He had the courage to "pursue happiness in his own way," and who shall say that he did not find it? To be sure, it sounds natural and reasonable enough to hold one's own opinions and indulge one's own faculty, but when these tastes are not like those of other folks, a certain kind of courage is required. The first principle of the soldier is to keep step: out he goes if he does not. Even in society we must keep step, and the penalty is not different. Who knows but that many of us might like to live Thoreau's life because we, like him, conceive it to be the freest, happiest, most natural? But no: what would people say? We do the conventional thing only because we are afraid not to.

Such in brief is an important part of Mr. Benson's doctrine. The charm of his essays lies in their sincerity and familiarity: he speaks to the heart, and that it is so willing to respond is a proof of his success. They are the frank outpourings of the author's innermost thoughts, and—in such an intimate way that the reader cannot but feel flattered at the confidence—

treat matters that one friend discusses with another. His conclusions are fixed without being dogmatic, yet one feels that he is in earnest, though not severe. Mr. Benson sees the sloughs clearly enough, but he is enough of an optimist instinctively to discover the stepping-stones, the clues out of the labyrinth—which is the trend of the times. He is not slow to present the merry, loving solutions which life holds forth, the happy possibilities existing for each of us if we did not insist on being our own tragedies. He is subtle without being morbid; academic, but not priggish.

Now that we no longer have Matthew Arnold to plead for sweetness and light, Arthur C. Benson is an appropriate and much needed successor.



#### *A KNIGHT*

*By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

Mine eyes have seen the Joyous Guard,  
Hence do I count no danger hard.

My lips have known life's Perfect Fruit,  
Hence do I dread no grim pursuit.

My ears have the Angelic strain,  
Hence rumours of the world are vain.

'Tis Love hath wrought upon me thus,  
Hence naught the 'Passage Perilous!'

*GOD'S SHARE*

By EVALIEN STEIN

(An old Breton legend of the *Days of the Three Kings*)

It is an ancient Breton custom at Twelfth-night revels to divide the Twelfth-cake into as many portions as feasters, plus one; this extra portion is called "God's share" and is considered the right of the first beggar who asks it.

Upon a craggy mountain steep,  
Above an ancient wood,  
With proud tall towers and donjon keep,  
Count Raoul's castle stood.

Within its walls was wealth untold  
In splendor all around,  
And unseen treasures, gems and gold,  
In coffers iron-bound.

Count Raoul's garments every one  
Of velvet were and vair.  
Coarse raiment that themselves had spun,  
His vassals only wear.

Count Raoul's board was richly spread  
With cates and meat and wine.  
A crust was all the daily bread  
Of him who dressed his vine.

Though bitter want and tears the lot  
Of them that tilled his soil,  
The lord who ruled them pitied not  
Their heartbreak nor their toil. . .

It fell upon the holy tide  
Men celebrate on earth  
To honor His, the glorified,  
The blest Child Jesu's birth.

*The Pathfinder*

The Christmas feast was twelve days o'er,  
And high priests, purple stoled,  
The solemn mass had chanted for  
The Three Wise Kings of old.

Then, when drew on the frosty night,  
In every castle hall  
Folk met to revel, gayly dight  
For Twelfth-night carnival.

Count Raoul, too, held festal cheer;  
And to his castle came  
Full many a rich-clad noble peer  
And damozel and dame.

Within the hall, against the cold,  
Great fires blazed ruddy bright;  
And precious gems and cloth of gold  
Shone in the leaping light.

The feast ran high, till, by and by,  
Brought in with blast of horn,  
Lifted aloft, for every eye,  
The Twelfth-night cake was borne.

Bright sprigs of holly decked it o'er,  
And silken streamers seen  
Low trailing to the rush-strewn floor,  
Between the garlands green.

Count Raoul brake the Twelfth-night cake  
For all who feasted there;  
But ah, the dear Lord, for His sake,  
He kept no beggar's share;

His act unblest not any guest  
Had marked, and at the feast  
With many a joyous song and jest  
The merriment increased.

But soon without the castle wall  
A knocking loud was heard ;  
Count Raoul sent a seneschal,  
Who bore him back this word :

“ My lord,” he said, on bended knee,  
“ Without the castle gates,  
In ragged cloak and poor to see,  
An humble beggar waits.

“ He craves thy pity, lord, this night,  
And of thy table’s fare  
Would fain receive the beggar’s right,  
The blessed God, His share.”

A sparkling draft Count Raoul quaffed,  
And then, with haughty scorn,  
Dashed down his empty cup and laughed,  
“ Back let this rede be borne :

“ Bid him begone from out my gates,  
Or else my wrath beware !  
Tell him in these, my wine and cates,  
God hath not any share ! ”

The feasters heard that wicked word,  
Ash pale grew every face ;  
And for a space none spake nor stirred,  
But only craved God’s grace.

The seneschal, with halting tread,  
Went forth his rede to say ;  
Fain had he fled, the word unsaid,  
But durst not disobey.

The beggar harked, with mien intent,  
And meek head humbly bowed ;  
Then clasped his hands as one forespent,  
And thrice he groaned aloud !

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Like passion-flowers beneath the rain,  
 So, when he raised his head,  
 His eyes shone through a mist of pain  
 And grievous tears unshed.

And as he stood against the night,  
 From out his face and hair  
 A strange white radiance, starry bright,  
 Gleamed round him everywhere.

Then at his feet, sore terrified,  
 The seneschal straightway  
 Fell on his knees, and, "Lord!" he cried,  
 "Have mercy, Christ, I pray!"

"Thou son of Mary, blessed Lord,  
 That died on Calvary,  
 God wot I feared to bear that word!  
 Have mercy, Christ on me!"

With gesture mild Lord Jesu raised  
 The suppliant, gracious-wise;  
 Then, as within the gates he gazed,  
 Stern grew his heavenly eyes.

He lifted up his hand, and lo,  
 Beneath his ragged cloak,  
 From all his garments, white as snow,  
 That starry radiance broke.

He pointed toward the castle towers;  
 And, swiftly loosed thereby,  
 Wild winds and fierce tempestuous powers  
 Sprang from the silent sky!

Loud thunders shook the castle walls;  
 They fell down in the moat!  
 The tottering towers at intervals  
 Red, fiery lightnings smote!

When morning dawned within the sky,  
Where that proud castle stood,  
But blackened ruins met the eye,  
And ghastly solitude.

Of all Count Raoul's wealth untold  
No smallest gem was left.  
Of lands, of vassals, and of gold—  
Of all was he bereft.

Stripped of his velvets and his vair,  
Alone, he wondered forth,  
Clad in such garb as beggars wear,  
And cloak of meanest worth.

They who had fled that fatal feast,  
Shunned him as one accurst.  
He who was greatest now was least,  
The last, who had been first. . .

All this was long, ah long ago ;  
And yet, for so men say,  
Still every Twelfth-night to and fro  
Count Raoul wanders; yea,

His doom is at every door  
To humbly crave God's share  
Yet ne'er receive it; evermore  
Thus hopeless must he fare.

They who deny him in his need  
Sin not—they but fulfill  
The punishment by heaven decreed;  
It is the Lord God's will.

*OLD WINE TO DRINK**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN**IV—ROBERT HERRICK*

*Dear R. L. S.*—Master Robert Herrick, song-maker, sometime preacher, window-painter, and bachelor by divine right, was of the *illuminati*. He accomplished his task for the world when he served in an acceptable—yet uninteresting—manner, and then went to live in his own lotus land among his stained-glass people. There is no doubt that he preached his sermons quite sincerely, though he loved neither the task nor the unimaginative people of his parish. His was a sort of dull, dumb, dutiful work which he did in lieu of nothing better being known to him. How could his beef-eating listeners possibly know that his poetry was far, far better than his sermons? That they were of the Kingdom of Love, which, after all, is the only Kingdom of Heaven. Well, dear Preacher, I wish to tell you of two or three things which concern this old dream-maker that to the bromide-world appear as glaring inconsistencies, but to you they will be but charming proofs of the man's great life.

He was a preacher, Louis, and now only the Lord knows what he preached. He wasn't the philosophical tosser of ethical balls with which you love so much to juggle, but just a plain, old-time expounder of heaven and hell and sinners and "heavy, heavy hangs over your head." Of course the good pagan soul scarcely believed what he preached, but knowing nothing better he hoped it was so and went on. Yet, while he didn't care a lyric about his sermon, his vanity was touched, it is written, were any of his flock so fortunate as to be able to go to sleep, and, relapsing into a more normal state, he fired his manuscript at the erring one, cursed all of them roundly, pronounced the benediction, and left in high dudgeon for his tabby cats and honeysuckle. I wonder if this was not the most inspiring part of the service? Do not worry, I shall refrain from quotations.

Then there was Herrick, the bachelor recluse, romantically domiciled in a honeysuckle cottage peopled with tabby cats, a pet pig, and a maid servant who, at least through my windows, was old and ugly and lovable, quarrelsome and loyal, tyrannical and tender, just as they always are in novels. Thus surrounded, he lived in "bacheloric," ease with old books, old wine, many

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dinners well-cooked by the friendly tyrant, and long, sweet, indulgent dreams of Julia. I know that our prosaic, windowless friends will say that Julia was some comely wench who sang in the choir, or presided over the local Chaucer club; but we know better, do we not, dear Window-maker?

This Julia—I know her kind right well—was a most seductive composite of all that was worth remembering of every pretty young woman in the countryside. Her ripe, warm lips, perhaps, were Madge's; her eyes, we know, were Rosamond's; to Anthea belonged her cheeks; and her lovely shape, again perhaps, to Madge of the bee-stung lip. Thus it was that the real Herrick consisted of his dreams, for therein did he place his great merry heart. Here, quietly at home with puss, have we a mild, safe lover who never loved a woman, but rather women and love. From the dull precincts of "heavy, heavy hangs over your head," he would boldly walk into delectable fancies of coquettish clothing in wanton disarray, silken hose, bejeweled garters, patches hovering close to a playful dimple, subtle and seductive odors, the delicious charm of the rustle of gowns—and all this and more he turned into poetry and was happy.

I've no doubt, Louis, that many 's the time  
when the tyrant scolded, or Tabby's claws  
played him false, he filled his lungs with the  
honeysuckle's perfume and thanked Allah that  
Julia was only a painted window! And at such  
times as these, thus sang Herrick, the Song-  
maker:

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,  
Of April, May, of June and July-flowers;  
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,  
Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridal cakes;  
I write of youth, of love, and have access  
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;  
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece  
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris;  
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write  
How roses first came red and lilies white;  
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing  
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King;  
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)  
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Best of all, you see, he was indeed a great poet. Of all the writers of his period his songs are most musical. You may read them, you may sing them, you may dream them, and always they are of the highest art. Much of the lyric poetry produced by the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan writers is very much alike. You might shift their verses from one to another

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without fear of robbing any one of his individuality. Not so with Herrick. There were none like him. It isn't often that one discovers a perfect song. The great lyrics of English literature may be counted on one's fingers, yet more than one of Herrick's must be numbered among them.

So here's to cherry-lipped Julia, "with breath more sweet than violet," and her passionate Shepherd. Of a surety they have given us the very best Old Wine of Love for our drinking.



#### *A PRAYER*

*By ARTHUR W. BEER*

For this I pray :—  
That, as the shadows longer grow,  
I may not older grow in heart,  
Nor cease to act full well my part,  
If small or large, in Life's great show,  
Each passing day.

For this I pray :—  
Not for the empty praise of men ;  
But, give me friends—a loyal few—  
Friends who always are nobly true,  
Who love me freely even when  
I go astray.

*EXIT**By ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL*

O Lord of Life, now as I rise and pass  
Into the night beyond Thy gate,  
Not as some dull poor churl who drains his glass  
And leaves with ne'er a gracious word  
The House of Feasting, where but late  
He hath drunk long and deep,  
And all the wit and music heard—  
Not forth as he shall I in silence creep!

Nay, ling'ring in the ancient courteous way,  
Here at the end of all these many days,  
Upon Thy threshold now the feast I praise  
And Him who set it forth in fine array.  
"Master," I say, "Life hath been very good!  
True though it be Thy servitors, The Hours,  
But sorry draughts have oft brought round—wormwood.  
Salt waters of affliction, bitterness  
That burned upon the tongue and set on fire  
Both heart and brain, and bound the powers  
Of will and deed in vile duress,  
And drugged to sleep all dreams and high desire!

" Yet, once more from the turquoise cup of eve,  
Scored o'er with early stars and lines of light,  
Or from the sapphire bowl of deeper night  
To drink the wine of beauty; to believe  
Myself a god again in olden way  
When Dawn into the goblet of the day  
Pours liquid fire!—for these high revelries  
Unto Thy board I would return again!—  
Aye, though full cups of sore defeat and pain  
Once more I quaffed unto the choking lees! "

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## Recent Publications

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**PARABELLUM.—*Bansai.*** Many of the episodes in this tale of Japanese invasion of America have an epic sweep that fairly carries the reader on despite its technical weaknesses. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co. 1909.

**EMERSON HOUGH.—*54-40 or Fight.*** Strong characters grouped around Calhoun wage a fight of gripping interest in American history, the fight for Texas and the great Northwest. The Baroness von Ritz is a distinct creation. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1909.

**E. F. BENSON.—*The Climber.*** An English social novel that is well worth careful study. Among the vampires of society, few show the cool and calculating *raisonnement* of Lucia Griscom. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1909.

**E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.—*The Missioner.*** This prolific writer essays a new *genre* in this interesting English novel. Combining his own field of adventure and intrigue with the character study of the Ward type. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1909.

**NEVIL G. HENSHAW.—*Aline of the Grand Woods.*** An exceedingly fine story, despite its melodramatic suggestiveness, of Louisiana and the *Cajuns*. A genuine lyric beauty pervades its Nature descriptions. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1909.

**EDEN PHILLPOTTS.—*The Three Brothers.*** A transcendent tale of realism out of the author's beloved Devonshire. A minute and careful study of a bit of homely life set in a scene of great beauty that rises to the higher level of art. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

**CHARLES WHARTON STORK.—*Day Dreams of Greece.*** A little volume of verse that is large in its promise. Many of the beautiful iambic lines reveal poetic skill of high degree. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

FRANK HARRIS.—*The Bomb*. A powerful and vivid account of the Haymarket incident and the causes leading up to it. A novel in the first person form of singular strength. Admitting the author's plea that the reader must have "sympathy with ideas which he perhaps dislikes" it certainly has its *raison d'être*. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1909.

WM. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.—*The Explorer*. Vivid vignettes of the upper class, clever dialogue, tense situations and well-drawn characters abound in this English novel, the hero of which is an African explorer. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1909.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE.—*Septimus*. The world is surely better for Locke's novels. Delicate as gossamer and as keen as steel is the thread of delightful nonsense and bitter-sweet that he weaves into his patterns of human souls. Septimus, Paragot and Marcus Ordeyne are among the elect that we can ill afford to lose. New York: John Lane Co. 1909.

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.—*An English Honeymoon*. The bit of romance in this travel book heightens one's keen enjoyment of the charming descriptions of English landscape, towns and places of historic and literary interest. The book has the same delightful personal note, the fine style and taste in selection as *Italian Days and Ways*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.—*Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. CHARLES F. McCCLUMPHA.—Otway's *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*. These two volumes are distinct additions to the truly admirable *Belles-Lettres Series*, a beautiful, handy and inexpensive edition of our classics equipped with a brief life, introduction and adequate notes. The recognized scholarship of Professors McClumpha and Woodberry speak for the literary excellence of their editing. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1908.

**ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.**—*The Tent Dwellers.* A delightful running account, full of practical hints, of a fishing trip of two good fellows into Nova Scotia. The very breath of the woods, its spice and sweetness, is in every chapter. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1908.

**BRAND WHITLOCK.**—*Abraham Lincoln*. A timely volume in the excellent little *Beacon Biographies*. It is amazing that the story and meaning of Lincoln's life can be told so well in so small a frame. Boston : Small, Maynard & Co. 1900.

**JAMES CREELMAN.**—*Why We Love Lincoln.* Naturally the title suggests a thesis. The writer's defense is forceful and replete with the picturesque so characteristic of his work. Among the illustrations is one very interesting hitherto unpublished photograph. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1909.

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

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to yearn for a true companionship with the life  
of man, a true oneness with the world—

The world which lasts when I am dead,  
Which never was the friend of *one*,  
Nor promised love it could not give,  
But lit for all its generous sun.



### *COR CORDIUM\**

[SHELLEY]

*By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE*

O Heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire,  
Hid round with flowers and all the bounty of bloom;  
O wonderful and perfect heart, for whom  
The lyrist liberty made life a lyre;  
O heavenly heart, at whose most dear desire  
Dead love, living and singing, cleft his tomb,  
And with him risen and regent in death's room  
All day thy choral pulses rang full choir;  
O heart whose beating blood was running song,  
O sole thing sweeter than thine own songs were,  
Keep us for thy free love's sake to be free,  
True for thy truth's sake, for thy strength's sake  
strong,  
Till very liberty make clean and fair  
The nursing earth as the sepulchral sea.

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\* Reprinted from the *Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, with acknowledgment to Harper & Brothers.

## Recent Publications

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H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.—*Fame's Pathway*. A brilliant and beautiful story-picture out of the bitter-sweet threads of romance in the early life of Molière. Few biographical novels in the English language possess greater narrative charm and fidelity. New York: Duffield & Co. 1909.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.—*The White Sister*. This strong novel of Roman environment will certainly correct the inference from his latest books that the author's story-telling power was waning. It has the ripeness and ease of manner of his best fiction. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.—*Sainte-Beuve*. With criticism in America in the making, it might have been better if this admirable and timely *Life in the French Men of Letters Series* had been written in the belief that the French critic did establish a method of criticism. Professor Harper develops his thesis in a frank, engaging manner, reviewing the life, works and influence of Sainte-Beuve with sympathy of temperament, independence of judgment and solid scholarship. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1909.

CLARENCE F. BIRDSEYE.—*The Reorganization of Our Colleges*. A better book, through its greater constructive value than the writer's earlier *Individual Training in Our Colleges*. The book must be read, however, with great caution. There may be an irreconcilable differentiation of administration from teaching, of the attitude of the college to the public from that to the student, which most outsiders fail to grasp. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1909.

*The Journal of Elisabeth Lady Holland (1791-1811)*, Edited by the Earl of Ilchester.—There is little in the way of style in this two-volume collection of letters that we might expect from a person of such piquant charm. There is, however, fair compensation for this lack in the tales of little and great happenings in these memorable years. Many of her portraits of the prominent political and literary personages of England and the Continent have the precision of those of Mme de la Fayette and Mlle de Scudéry at her best. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1908.

*Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.*

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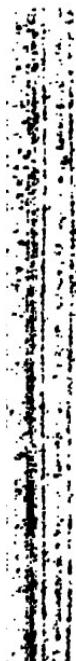
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